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THE NEW

Congregational Hymn Book.

THIS BOOK OF

Psalms and Hymns

HAS BEEN PREPARED BY THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES, HELD IN LONDON, MAY 8, 1855.

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CONGREGATIONAL
HYMN BOOK.

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FOR
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PSALMS.

1 (Psalm 1.) C.M. WATTS.

The Saint and the Sinner.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

4 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

5 Sinners, in judgment, shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at His right hand
Appoints His saints a place.

6 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

2 (PSALM 2.) S.M. WATTS.

Christ rising, interceding, and reigning.

1 WHY did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
The Anointed of the Lord ?

2 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design ;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against His Christ they join.

3 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support His throne ;
He that hath raised Him from the dead
Hath owned Him for His Son.

4 Ascended now on high,
He asks to rule the earth ;
The merit of His blood He pleads,
And pleads His heavenly birth.

5 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance ;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

6 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at His throne :
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

7 If once His wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place :
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to His grace.

3 (PSALM 3.) L.M. WATTS.

A Morning Psalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood !
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To Thee I raised mine evening cry:
Thou heardst when I began to pray,
And Thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by Thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down, and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light;
I make His praise my morning song.

4 (PSALM 4.) C.M. WATTS.

An Evening Psalm.

1 LORD, Thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever Thine;
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis good conversing on my bed
With mine own heart and Thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith, my hope relies
Upon Thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts composed to peace,
I give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

5 (PSALM 5.) C.M. WATTS.

Lord's-day Morning.

1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort.
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 (Psalm 6.) C.M. ENGLAND.

Divine Help in Affliction.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Nor smite my guilty soul;
Let not Thy righteous wrath be hot:
Save me and make me whole.

2 My heart is vexed with sore distress;
But Thou, O Lord, how long?—
Return in grace and righteousness,
And make Thy love my song.

3 Death utters forth no note of praise,
The silent grave no prayer:
O do not now cut short my days,
Nor leave me to to despair!

4 Long weary nights of pain and grief
My wasting strength destroy;
Lord, give these weeping eyes relief,
And change my tears to joy.

5 My prayer is heard—the Lord is nigh!
He bids my foes depart;
While shame o'erwhelms them suddenly,
His mercy cheers my heart.

7 (PSALM 8.) C.M. WATTS.

Christ's Condescension and Glory.

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky—
Those moving worlds of light;

3 Lord, what is man or all his race,
Who dwells so far below.
That Thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?—

4 That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm?

5 Let Him be crowned with majesty
Who bowed His head to death;
And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.

6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

8 (PSALM 8.) C.M. MONTGOMERY.

Divine Glory and Condescension.

1 O LORD, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament,
How wonderfully shown!

2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee;
  Thy praises are confessed
By infants lisping on the knee,
  And sucklings at the breast.

3 When I behold the heavens on high,
  The work of Thy right hand,
The moon and stars amid the sky,—
  Thy lights in every land:

4 Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst deign
  On him to set Thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
  Then fill a throne above?

5 O Lord, how excellent Thy name!
  How manifold Thy ways!
Let time Thy saving truth proclaim,
  Eternity, Thy praise.

9 (PSALM 9.) C.M. WATTS.

God the Sovereign Judge.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
  Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
  Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing Thy majesty and grace;
  My God prepares His throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
  And make His vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
  For all the poor oppressed;
To save the people of His love,
  And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know Thy name will trust
  In Thine abundant grace;
For Thou dost ne'er forsake the just,
  Who humbly seek Thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes His threatening word,
And doth His grace fulfil.

10 (PSALM 11.) 6666,88 LYTE.

Safety and Glory of the Righteous.

1 MY trust is in the Lord;
What foe can injure me?
Why bid me like a bird
Before the fowler flee?
The Lord is on His heavenly throne,
Omnipotent to save His own.

2 The wicked may assail,
The tempter sorely try,
All earth's foundations fail,
All nature's springs be dry;
Yet God is in His holy shrine,
And I am strong while He is mine.

3 His flock to Him is dear,
He watches them from high;
He sends them trials here,
To fit them for the sky:
But safely will He tend and keep
The humblest, feeblest of His sheep.

4 His foes a season here
May triumph and prevail;
But, ah! the hour is near,
When all their hopes must fail:
While like the sun His saints shall rise,
And shine with Him above the skies.

11 (PSALM 15.) L.M. WATTS.

The Citizen of Zion.

1 WHO shall ascend Thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before Thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below;

2 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong;

3 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them;

4 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man Thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

12 (Psalm 16.) L.M. WATTS.

Hope in Death.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong;
His arm is mine almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose Thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way
Up to Thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of Thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

13 (Psalm 17.) L.M. WATTS.

The Sinner's Portion and the Saint's Hope.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere :
When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

14

(PSALM 18.) L.M. WATTS.

Rejoicing in God.

1 JUST are Thy ways, and true Thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode :
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?

2 'Tis He that girds me with His might,
Gives me His holy sword to wield ;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads His salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessed be my rock ;
The God of my salvation lives :
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints in Christ, their Head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

15 (Psalm 18.) 6666,88 LYTE.

Divine Interposition.

1 WHOM should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
O for a thousand tongues to show
The debt that we to mercy owe.

2 The storm upon us fell,
The floods around us rose,
The depths of death and hell
Seemed on our souls to close:
To God we cried in strong despair,
And God was nigh to help our prayer.

3 He came, the King of kings,
He bowed the sable sky;
And on the tempest's wings
Rode glorious from on high.
The earth before her Maker shook,
The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

4 Above the storm He stood,
And awed it to repose;
He drew us from the flood,
And scattered all our foes.
He sets us in a spacious place,
And there upholds us by His grace.

5 Whom should we love like Thee,
Our God, our Guide, our King,
The tower to which we flee,
The rock to which we cling?
O for a thousand tongues to show
The debt that we to mercy owe.

16 (PSALM 18.) C.M. STERNHOLD.

Jehovah our Help in Distress.

1 O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence,
In my necessity.

2 The Lord Jehovah is my God,
My rock, my strength, my wealth;
My strong Deliverer, and my trust,
My spirit's only health.

3 In my distress I sought my God,
I sought Jehovah's face;
My cry before Him came; He heard
Out of His holy place.

4 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

5 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

6 The voice of God did thunder high,
The lightnings answered keen;
The channels of the deep were bared,
The world's foundations seen.

7 And so delivered He my soul:
Who is a rock but He?
He liveth—Blessed be my Rock!
My God exalted be!

17 (PSALM 19.) L.M. WATTS.

The Two Revelations.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

18 (Psalm 19.) S.M. WATTS.

For Lord's-day Morning.

1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the Gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just:
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear Thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread Thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

19 (Psalm 19.) S.M. WATTS.

God's Word in Britain.

1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God;
And all His starry works on high
Proclaim His power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach His name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of His hand,
And orders of His throne.

4 Ye British lands, rejoice;
Here He reveals His word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts His Gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure;
His word without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And His rewards are great.

7 While of Thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

20 (Psalm 19.) L.M.D. ADDISON.

The Silent Voice of Nature.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens,—a shining frame,—
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,—
The hand that made us is Divine.

21 (PSALM 19.) 7.6. D. CONDER.

Nature and Scripture.

1 THE heavens declare His glory;
Their Maker's skill the skies:
Each day repeats the story,
And night to night replies.
Their silent proclamation
Throughout the earth is heard;
The record of creation,
The page of nature's word.

2 There, from his bright pavilion,
Like eastern bridegroom clad,
Hailed by earth's thousand million
The sun sets forth: right glad
His glorious race commencing,
The mighty giant seems;
Through the vast round dispensing
His all-pervading beams.

3 So pure, so soul-restoring
Is truth's diviner ray;
A brighter radiance pouring
Than all the pomp of day;
The wanderer surely guiding:
It makes the simple wise;
And evermore abiding,
Unfailing joy supplies.

4 Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields, than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition!
Led by Thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition!
How great is their reward!

5 But past transgressions pain me ;
Lord, cleanse my heart within ;
And evermore restrain me
From all presumptuous sin ;
So let my whole behaviour,
Thoughts, words, and actions, be,
O God, my strength and Saviour,
Acceptable to Thee.

22 (Psalm 20.) L.M. WATTS.

Prayer in Time of War.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend His people's humble cry :
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls ;
He from His sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well He remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts ;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In His salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts ;
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

23 (PSALM 22.) L.M. WATTS.

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When He complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of His God.

2 The Jews behold Him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn :—
He rescued others from the grave ;
Now let Him try Himself to save.

3 They wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet ;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which He died.

4 But God, His Father, heard His cry ;
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high ;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.

24 (PSALM 23.) C.M. WATTS.

The Lord our Shepherd.

1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name ;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways ;
And leads me for His mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days:
O may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger and a guest,
But like a child at home.

25 (Psalm 23.) S.M. WATTS.

The Lord our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark [shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

26 (PSALM 23.) 6666,88. CONDER.

The Lord our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
And He my soul will keep;
He knoweth who are His,
And watcheth o'er His sheep.
Away with every anxious fear:
I cannot want while He is near.

2 His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed:
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet; and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

3 He leads, Himself, the way
His faithful flock should take.
Them who His voice obey,
His love will ne'er forsake;
For He has pledged His holy name;
He who for ever is the same.

4 Let me but feel Him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through:
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

5 Still is my table spread;
My foes stand silent by;
I feed on living bread;
My cruse is never dry:
And surely love and mercy will
Attend me on my journey still.

6 Still hope and grateful praise
Shall form my constant song ;
Shall cheer my gloomiest days,
And tune my dying tongue :
Until my ransomed soul shall rise,
To praise Him better in the skies.

27 (Psalm 23.) L.M., 6 lines. ADDISON.

The Lord our Shepherd.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks He will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned ;
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

28 (PSALM 24.) L.M. C. WESLEY.

Christ's Ascension.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead:
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conquerer's name.

5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all for ever blest.

29 (PSALM 25.) S.M. WATTS.

Prayer and Waiting.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in His name:
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

3 Remember all Thy grace,
And lead me in Thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn His ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of His grace.

5 For His own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame :
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

30 (Psalm 25.) S.M. WATTS.

Divine Instruction.

1 WHERE'ER the man is found
That fears to offend his God,
That loves the Gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod,

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of His heart ;
The wonders of His covenant show,
And all His love impart.

3 The dealings of His hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to His covenant stand,
And love to do His will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face ;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

31 (Psalm 25.) S.M. WATTS.

Distress of Soul.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.

2 Turn, turn Thee to my soul,
Bring Thy salvation near;
When will Thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts,
Doth but enlarge my woe:
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on mine anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

6 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed mine only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

7 With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

32 (Psalm 26.) C.M. LYTE.

Self-examination.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and try my heart,
For Thou that heart canst see;
And bid each idol thence depart
That dares compete with Thee.

2 Though weak and cleaving to the dust,
My soul adores Thee still;
Thy grace and truth are all my trust;
O mould me to Thy will.

3 Thine altar, Lord, I would embrace
With hands by Christ made clean;
I love Thy house, I love the place
Where Thy bright face is seen.

4 O guide me in Thy love and fear;
My soul on Thee I cast;
I would not walk with sinners here,
To share their doom at last.

33 (Psalm 27.) C.M. WATTS.

The Church our abode.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires:
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

34 (Psalm 27.) C.M. WATTS.

Prayer and Hope.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,—
Ye children, seek My face,
My heart replied, without delay,—
I'll seek my Father's face.

2 Let not Thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to Thee
In my distressful day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life His care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see Thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

35

(Psalm 27.) 7.6. D. MONTGOMERY.

God the Salvation of His People.

1 GOD is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase:
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

36 (PSALM 28.) L.M. DWIGHT.

Divine Assistance acknowledged.

1 BLEST be the Lord who heard my prayer,
The Lord, my shield, my help, my song,
Who saved my soul from sin and fear,
And filled with praise my thankful tongue.

2 In the dark hour of deep distress,
By foes beset, of death afraid,
My spirit trusted in His grace,
And sought and found His heavenly aid.

3 O blest Redeemer of mankind !
Thy shield, Thy saving strength, shall be
The shield, the strength of every mind
That loves Thy name, and trusts in Thee.

4 Remember, Lord, Thy chosen seed ;
Israel defend from guilt and woe ;
Thy flock in richest pastures feed,
And guard their steps from every foe.

5 Zion exalt, her cause maintain,
With peace and joy her courts surround ;
In showers let endless blessings rain,
And all the world Thy praise resound.

37 (PSALM 29.) L.M. WATTS.

God in Thunder and Storm.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to His name,
And His eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims His power aloud,
Over the ocean and the land ;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.

3 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
Jehovah reigns for ever king ;
But makes His church His blest abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.

4 In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of His grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm, His word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

38 (PSALM 30.) L.M. WATTS.
Sickness and Sorrow removed.

1 I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high,
At Thy command diseases fly:
Who but our God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,
And tell how large His goodness is
Let all your powers rejoice and bless
While you record His holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

39 (PSALM 31.) S.M. LYTE.
Confidence in Divine Succour.

1 MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,—
Of having all in Thee.

40 (PSALM 32.) S.M. WATTS.

Confession and Forgiveness.

1 O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the rankling wound;
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

41 (PSALM 32.) L.M. WATTS.

Repentance and Pardon.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with the Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins,
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines!

42 (PSALM 33.) C.M. WATTS.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of His name, His ways, His word,
How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and His righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal His wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bids the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before Him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on His command.

6 Jehovah scorns the nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

43 (PSALM 33.) C.M. TATE AND BRADY.

Saints Rejoicing in God.

1 LET all the just, to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 By His almighty word, at first,
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous worlds of light
At His command appeared.

3 What'er the Mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.

4 How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord our God is known;
Whom He, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for His own!

5 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend,
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

44 (Psalm 34.) L.M. WATTS.

God's Care of the Saints.

1 LORD, I will bless Thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt His name;
I sought the Eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told Him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reached His ears;
He gave mine inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with His grace is ever nigh:
Pardon and hope His love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 To Him the poor lift up their eyes,
On them He makes His goodness shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

6 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
O fear and love Him, all His saints,
Taste of His grace, and trust His word.

45 (Psalm 34.) C.M. TATE AND BRADY.

Divine Interpositions acknowledged.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From mine example comfort take,
And soothe their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me;
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 O make but trial of His love:
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
He'll make your wants His care.

46 (Psalm 34.) C.M., 6 lines. CONDER.

God's Goodness magnified.

1 FOR ever will I bless the Lord,
Nor cease His praise to speak:
My song His goodness shall record,
That the oppressed and weak
May trust in Him, who will reward
The humble and the meek.

2 O magnify the Lord with me;
Come, join His name to bless:
To Him did I in trouble flee;
He saved me from distress.
O let Him then your refuge be,
Nor shall you fail success.

3 He is a God who heareth prayer:
He raised me from the dust;
His angel-bands keep station where
Dangers would harm the just.
Then try His love, and trust His care;
Blessed are they who trust.

4 God on His saints looks watchful down,
His ear attends their cry.
The wicked sink beneath His frown,
Their very name shall die;
But He, at length, the just will crown
With victory and joy.

5 The broken heart His grace shall heal;
His hand the contrite raise:
Many the woes the righteous feel,
Yet still, in all their ways
Kept by His power, they bear the seal
Of His redeeming grace.

47 (PSALM 36.) L.M. WATTS.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

1 HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

5 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
Where mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

48 (Psalm 36.) C.M. WATTS.

God's Mercies boundless.

1 ABOVE the heavens' created rounds
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

2 Thy hand sustains all living things;
Thy providence how kind!
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy children safety find.

3 From Thee, when earthly streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

4 Though all created light decay
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

49 (PSALM 36.) 8s. P.M. CONDER.

The All-sufficiency of Jehovah.

1 AS high as the heavens, and as vast,
Thy mercy, O God, has no bound:
Thy laws like the mountains stand fast;
Thy judgments no plummet can sound.

2 All creatures Thy providence share:
Thy bounty, how sovereign and free!
To Thee, as the Hearer of prayer,
All mortals for refuge may flee.

3 The poor in Thy house are supplied,
Where freely Thy gifts are bestowed;
And they drink the pure waters that glide
Through the courts of Thy hallowed abode.

4 With Thee is the fountain of life;
Lord, grant us to drink of that spring;
And o'er the world's sorrow and strife
The light of Thy promises fling.

5 Continue Thy love to Thy saints;
To the just Thy protection extend;
On the wicked impose Thy restraints,
And the weak from oppression defend.

50 (PSALM 37.) C.M. WATTS.

God the Guide and Portion of the Righteous.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by Thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue He approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of His grace,
Nor leave the men He loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

5 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

51 (PSALM 38.) C.M. WATTS.

The Burdened Conscience.

1 AMIDST Thy wrath remember love,
Restore Thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thou art my God, my only hope;
And Thou wilt hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

3 All my desire to Thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh and every groan
Is noticed by Thine ear.

4 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before Thy servant die.

52 (PSALM 39.) C.M. WATTS.

Sick-bed Devotion.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down;
Behold the pains I feel:
But I am dumb before Thy throne,
Nor dare dispute Thy will.

2 Diseases are Thy servants, Lord,
They come at Thy command;
I utter not a murmuring word
Against Thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove Thy sharp rebukes;
My strength decays, my spirit dies,
Through Thy repeated strokes.

4 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still;
I will declare Thy love.

53 (PSALM 39.) C.M. WATTS.

The Vanity of Life.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

5 Now I renounce my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

54 (PSALM 40.) C.M. WATTS.

Deliverance from Distress.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on His word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 Firm on a rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of His hand
In a new thankful song.

3 I'll spread His works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

4 How many are Thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

5 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on His heart.

55

(PSALM 41.) L.M. WATTS.

Sympathy with Poor Saints.

1 BLEST is the man, whom mercies move
Who melts with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathising love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord hath mercies too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought and pestilence and dearth
Around him multiply their dead:

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

56 (PSALM 42.) L.M. WATTS.

Disquietude of Soul.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord;
But I will call Thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When to my prayer Thine ear inclined.

2 Yet will the Lord command His love,
When I address His throne by day;
Nor in the night His grace remove:—
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3 I chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise Him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

4 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to Thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy!

57 (PSALM 42.) C.M. TATE AND BRADY.

The Soul panting for God.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

58 (PSALM 43.) 7s., 6 lines. MONTGOMERY.

The Divine Favour implored.

1 JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness,
Plead for me in my distress:
Good and merciful Thou art;
Bind this bleeding, broken heart:
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be Thy love my confidence.

2 Send Thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On Thy holy hill to rest,
In Thy tabernacles blest;
There to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

3 Why, my soul, art thou dismayed?
Why of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God:—disdain to yield,
While o'er thee, He casts His shield,
And His countenance divine
Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

59 (PSALM 44.) S.M.D. C. WESLEY.

Prayer in Persecution.

1 LET God, the Mighty God,
The Lord of hosts arise,
With terror clad, with strength endued,
And rend and bow the skies:
Called down by faithful prayer,
Saviour, appear below;
Thine hand lift up, Thine arm make bare,
And quell Thy church's foe.

2 Our refuge in distress,
In danger's darkest hour,
Appear as in the ancient days,
With full redeeming power;

That Thy redeemed may sing
In glad triumphant strains,—
The Lord is God, the Lord is King,
The Lord for ever reigns.

60 (Psalm 45.) C.M. WATTS.

The Royalty of Jesus.

1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is Thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon Thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned Thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike through Thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in Thy hands,
To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend Thee still,
But mercy is Thy choice;
And God, Thy God, Thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

61 (Psalm 45.) S.M. WATTS.

The Triumph of Christ.

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is Thine.

2 Now make Thy glory known,
Gird on Thy conquering sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The triumphs of Thy word.

3 Strike through Thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts to obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth
Attend Thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand:
And Thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in Thy hand.

62 (PSALM 45.) 6666,88 DODDRIDGE.
Christ's conquering Sword.

1 GIRD on Thy conquering sword,
Ascend Thy shining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage Thy holy war.
Before His wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise,
And sink, ye hills.

2 Fair truth and smiling love
And injured righteousness
Under Thy banners move,
And seek from Thee redress:
Thou in their cause
Shalt prosperous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense Thy laws.

3 Before Thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of Thy grace;—
That grace which conquers all:
The world shall know,
Great King of Kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

4 Here, to my willing soul,
Bend Thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all Thy power display.
My heart Thy throne,
Blest Jesus, see,
Bows low to Thee,—
To Thee alone.

63 (Psalm 46.) L.M. WATTS.

The Church's Safety and Rest.

1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode;—

5 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Which all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

64 (PSALM 46.) 87,87,887. CONDER.
God our Refuge and Strength.

1 GOD is our refuge, ever near,
Our help in tribulation;
Therefore His people shall not fear,
Amid a wrecked creation.
Though mountains from their base be hurled,
And ocean shake the solid world,
The Lord is our salvation.

2 The stream that flows from Zion's hill,
Shall yet, serenely gliding,
With joy the holy city fill,
His presence there abiding.
The Lord her glory and defence,
Will guard His chosen residence,
His timely aid providing.

65 (PSALM 46.) C.M. LYTE.
The Security of the Church.

1 GOD is our refuge, tried and proved
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease;
The Lord His saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His church below.

4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake, and quelled their powers;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same.
The God of grace is ours.

66 (Psalm 46.) 8888,6666,8. LUTHER.

God our refuge.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
Our shield of hope through every care,
Our Shepherd watching us to bless,
And therefore will we not despair;
Although the mountains shake
And hills their place forsake,
And billows o'er them break,
Yet still will we not fear,
For Thou, O God, art ever near.

2 God is our hope and strength in woe;
Through earth He maketh wars to cease;
His power breaketh spear and bow;
His mercy sendeth endless peace.
Then though the earth remove,
And storms rage high above,
And seas tempestuous prove,
Yet still will we not fear,
The Lord of Hosts is ever near.

67 (Psalm 47.) C.M. WATTS.

Christ Ascending and Reigning.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood His ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own,
And Gentiles taste His grace.

6 The British islands are the Lord's
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne.

68 (PSALM 48.) S.M. WATTS.

The Church the Abode of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwark of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

69 (Psalm 48.) S.M. WATTS.

The Beauty of the Church.

1 FAR as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view Thy holy ground,
And mark the building well—

4 The orders of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

70 (Psalm 50.) C.M. WATTS.

The Last Judgment.

1 THE Lord the Judge, before His throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare His way:
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

3 Heaven from above His call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.

71 (PSALM 51.) L.M. WATTS.
The Penitent pleading.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My sins, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

72 (PSALM 51.) L.M. WATTS.
Original and Actual Sin.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
We are defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

5 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

73 (PSALM 51.) L.M. WATTS.

The Backslider Restored.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let me come before Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns the dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may Thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

74 (PSALM 51.) C.M. WATTS.

The Broken Heart.

1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from Thy love.

2 Give me the presence of Thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
And make Thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

75 (PSALM 55.) S.M. WATTS.

Prosperity Dangerous.

1 THOUGH sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
I, in the worship of my God,
Will spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address His throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek His blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 The men who dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will:

4 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on His arm,
And rest upon His word.

5 His arm shall well sustain
The children of His love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

76 (Psalm 55.) 11s. LYTE.

The Saint's Aspirations.

1 O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to Thy presence above!
How soon would I fly where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in Thy sheltering breast!

2 I flutter, I struggle, and pant to get free;
I feel me a captive while banished from Thee:
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long to be home.

3 Ah! there the wild tempest for ever shall cease;
No billows shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to decline;
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
O what will it be when the fulness appears?

77 (PSALM 56.) C.M. WATTS.

Support in Prayer.

1 IN God, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

2 When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

3 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing,—How faithful is Thy word!
How righteous all Thy ways!

4 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
O set Thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for Thee.

78 (PSALM 57.) L M. WATTS.

God's Power implored and celebrated.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends His angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 My heart is fixed, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to His name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,—
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

4 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky:
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

79 (PSALM 61.) S.M. WATTS.

Safety in God.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes;

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

80 (PSALM 62.) L.M. WATTS.

God only to be confided in.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before His face:
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Once has His awful voice declared,
Once and again mine ears have heard,—
All power is His eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too.

4 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, Mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

81 (PSALM 62.) S.M. C. WESLEY.

Patience and Hope.

1 IN true and patient hope,
My soul, on God attend;
And, calmly confident, look up
Till He salvation send.

2 I shall His goodness see,
While on His name I call;
He will defend and strengthen me,
And I shall never fall.

3 Jesus, to Thee I fly,
My refuge and my tower;
Upon Thy faithful love rely,
And find Thy saving power.

4 Trust in the Lord alone,
Who aids us from above;
In every strait surround His throne,
And rest upon His love.

82 (PSALM 63.) C.M. WATTS.

Early Prayer in the Sanctuary.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As Thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus, will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

83 (Psalm 63.) L.M. WATTS.

The Soul's Desires after God.

1 GREAT God, permit my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose Thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am Thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love to appear
Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face;
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

84 (PSALM 63.) S.M. WATTS.

Earnest Seeking of God.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call Thee mine;
And let mine earnest cries prevail
To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 Within Thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

4 For life without Thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise Thy counsels are,
And all Thy dealings kind.

6 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on Thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

7 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

85 (PSALM 63.) L.M. MONTGOMERY.

Intense Desire after God.

1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone:
Early to Thee my soul shall cry:
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace.

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God:
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod:—

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself Thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

86 (Psalm 65.) L.M. WATTS.

Public Prayer and Praise.

1 THE praise of Zion waits for Thee,
My God, and praise becomes Thy house;
There shall Thy saints Thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save, when humble sinners pray;
All lands to Thee shall lift their eyes,
And all the islands of the sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
Thy grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ can never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom Thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to Thee ;
Give him a place within Thy house,
To taste Thy love divinely free.

87 (PSALM 65.) C. M. WATTS.

Praise in Zion.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee :
There shall our vows be paid :
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;
All flesh shall seek Thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is Thine ;
And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blest are the men whom Thou will choose,
To bring them near Thy face ;
Grant them a dwelling in Thy house,
To feast upon Thy grace.

4 In answering what Thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine ;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil Thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust.

6 They dread Thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear ;
But they shall learn Thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

88 (PSALM 65.) C. M. WATTS.

The Seasons.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth His care ;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out, at Thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

4 The little hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The various months Thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are Thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout Thy praise.

89 (PSALM 65.) L. M. LYTE.

Praise for Providence and Grace.

1 PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple-gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:
O Thou that hearest prayer descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.

6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour:
The moral waste within restore:
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

90 (PSALM 66.) C. M. WATTS.

Vows paid and Praise offered.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make His mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders He has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought His heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I His praises sung:

5 But God—His name be ever blest—
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turned from Him my poor request,
Nor turned His heart from me.

91 (PSALM 66.) 7s. SANDYS.

Jehovah worshipped.

1 SING the great Jehovah's praise;
Trophies to His glory raise:
Say,—How wonderful Thy deeds!
Lord, Thy power all power exceeds!

2 Let the many-peopled earth,
All, of high and humble birth,
Worship our eternal King;
Hymns unto His honour sing.

3 We, through fire, with flames embraced,
We, through raging floods, have passed;
Yet, by Thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy land.

4 We will to Thy house repair,
Worship, and Thy power declare:
Offerings on Thine altar lay;
All our vows devoutly pay.

5 Fervently to Thee we cried;
All Thy goodness magnified:
Source of mercy, be Thou blest,
Thou hast granted our request.

92 (PSALM 67.) C.M. WATTS.

Prayer for Great Britain.

1 SHINE Mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround this favoured land.

3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

4 Sing to the Lord ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt His praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

93 (PSALM 67.) S.M. TATE AND BRADY.
Britain blest and blessing.

1 TO bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join,
Their Saviour to proclaim;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

94 (PSALM 67.) 7s., 6 lines. LYTE.

The World blest through the Church.

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face.
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

95 (PSALM 68.) L.M. WATTS.

Christ's Ascension.

1 LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While He pronounced His dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led!

4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

96 (PSALM 68.) L.M. WATTS.
Praise for temporal Blessings.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours His blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to His care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of His love;
Though the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.

5 But His right hand His saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to His courts above;
There shall they taste His special love.

97 (PSALM 68.) 87,87,887. LUTHER.
Christ leading Captivity captive.

1 LET God arise, and let His foes
Be scattered now before Him;
Let all on Him with joy repos
Who holily adore Him.
Before the Lord let them rejoice,
And in His praise lift up their voice
Who rideth on the heavens.

2 When Thou, O God, Thy flock didst guide,
Earth shook at Thy descending:
When Thou on Sinai didst abide,
The rocks beneath were rending.
Thou, Lord, didst send a plenteous rain,
And didst Thy heritage sustain,
Their weariness refreshing.

3 Thou hast gone up, O God, on high,
With angel hosts attending;
Thou captive ledd'st captivity,
To heaven's high throne ascending.
Thou hast received gifts for men,
That God might dwell with them again;
E'en with our race rebellious.

4 Blest be the Lord for all His love,
The God of our salvation;
He daily blesseth from above
His own—His ransomed nation.
The Father, Son, and Spirit bless,
One God of Power and Holiness;
Eternal be our praises.

98 (Psalm 69.) C.M. WATTS.

The Benefits of Christ's Mediation.

1 FATHER, I sing Thy wondrous grace;
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and His zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all Thy will.

3 This shall His humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
They by His death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.

4 Let heaven and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky
To celebrate His praise.

5 Zion is Thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by His blood,
For Thine own Israel waits.

99 (Psalm 69.) L.M. WATTS.

Christ's Sorrows and Sacrifice.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm His holy soul.

2 Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son
Atoned for sins which we have done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of Thy law restored;
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
Borne for transgressions not His own.

4 O for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

100 (Psalm 69.) L.M. COWPER.

Pleading for Divine Succour.

1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call:
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall.
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
I have an Advocate with Thee.
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not.
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

101 (Psalm 71.) C.M. WATTS.

The Aged Saint's Reflections.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon Thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year ;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line Thy praise.

102 (PSALM 71.) C.M. WATTS.

Strength and Righteousness in Christ.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace ?

2 Thou art mine everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King !
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers ;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

103 (PSALM 71.) C.M. WATTS.

The Aged Christian's Prayer.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared Thy heavenly truth,
And told Thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart ?

3 Let me Thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age;
And leave a savour of Thy name
When I shall quit this stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Awaits my next remove:
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world Thy love.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high;
Unsearchable Thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky
And all my praise exceeds.

6 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At Thy command I venture down,
Securely to the grave.

7 My flesh, when buried deep in dust,
Shall rest beneath Thy care;
These withering limbs with Thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

104 (Psalm 71.) C.M. LOGAN.

The Review of Life.

1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
Thou dost my hope sustain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And, as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

3 I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean:
Thou wilt my Saviour ever be,
Who hast my Saviour been.

4 I'll trust Thy goodness while I live,
In death Thy name adore;
And after death will sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

105 (Psalm 72.) L.M. WATTS.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His Throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands,
All heaven submits to His commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power He vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and His fear shall last,
Till hours and years and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

106 (Psalm 72.) L.M. WATTS.

Christ universally adored.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

107 (Psalm 72) 7.6.D MONTGOMERY.

Christ's universal Reign.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression;
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And joy and hope like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.

Before Him on the mountains
  Shall peace, the herald, go :
And righteousness, in fountains
  From hill to valley flow.

3 Arabia's desert-ranger
  To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
  Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at His feet.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
  Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
  And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,—
  A kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
  A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
  And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
  He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
  All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever ;
  His great, best name of Love.

108 (Psalm 73.) C.M. WATTS.

God our Portion.

1 GOD, my Supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven, without my God
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is mine abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock.
The strength of every saint.

5 Still to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

109 (Psalm 74.) C.M.

Continued Help implored.

1 O LORD, defend us; as of old,
Thy hand salvation wrought;
When safely to their promised fold
Thy chosen flock were brought.

2 E'en in the wilderness Thy hand
With plenty strewed their road;
And from the rock, at Thy command,
Refreshing waters flowed.

3 The sun, obedient to Thy will,
Renews his daily light;
Seasons and times Thy word fulfil,
And all proclaim Thy might.

4 Then, Lord, arise, and plead my cause
Against the oppressor's power:
O keep the souls that love Thy laws,
Safe in the trying hour.

110 (PSALM 75.) 886,886.

The Majesty and Sovereignty of God.

1 THAT Thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Though veiled in awful majesty,
Thy mighty works declare;
Thy hand this earthly frame upholds,
Thine eye the universe beholds
With providential care.

2 Thou settest up and castest down;
The ruler's power, the monarch's crown,
Thy hands alone bestow:
In Thee all creatures live and move;
Thou reign'st supreme in heaven above,
And in the earth below.

3 Great King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Whose hand chastises and rewards,
Thee only we adore:
To Thee, the voice of praise shall rise
In hallelujahs to the skies,
Till time shall be no more.

111 (PSALM 76.) C.M. WATTS.

Enemies defeated.

1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood His holy throne,
And Zion was His seat.

2 Among the praises of His saints
His dwelling there He chose;
There He received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

3 At Thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of Thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

4 What power can stand before Thy sight,
When once Thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.

5 When God in His own sovereign ways
Comes down to save the oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work His praise,
And He'll restrain the rest.

112 (Psalm 77.) 7.6.D. MONTGOMERY.

God's Providences remembered.

1 IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries:
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies.
My heart with grief is breaking;
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanished bliss to view:
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew:
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time His truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?

Hath He His loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath ?
No ! this is mine own blindness
That cannot see His path.

4 I call to recollection
The years of His right hand;
And strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand.
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all Thy ways:
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

5 Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turned, and stood still with awe:
The clouds shot hail—they lightened;
The earth reeled to and fro;
The fiery pillar brightened
The gulf of gloom below.

6 Thy way is in great waters:
Thy footsteps are not known:
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone.
Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And Thy redeemed pass o'er.

113 (PSALM 78.) C.M. WATTS.

Religious Instruction to Youth.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make His glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus they shall learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

114 (Psalm 79.) S.M. GOODE.

Prayer for Pardon.

1 THOU gracious God, and kind,
O cast our sins away;
Nor call our former guilt to mind,
Thy justice to display.

2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
Thy richest grace prepare,
Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
We perish in despair.

3 Save us from guilt and shame,
Thy glory to display;
And for the great Redeemer's name,
Wash all our sins away;

4 So we Thy flock, Thy choice,
The people of Thy love,
Shall in Thy care, through life, rejoice;
But praise Thee best above.

115 (Psalm 80.) L.M. WATTS.

Prayer for Revival.

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain Thy kind return?
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?

4 O! for Thy name's sake, hear our cry,
Shine on Thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

116 (Psalm 81.) S.M. LYTE.

The Sabbath and the Church.

1 SING to the Lord our might;
With holy fervour sing:
Let hearts and voices all unite
To praise our heavenly King.

2 This is His holy house,
And this, His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

3 The Sabbath to our sires,
In mercy, first was given;
The church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

4 We still like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold,
To pity and to bless,

5 Then let us open wide
Our mouths for Him to fill:
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

117 (PSALM 84.) C.M. WATTS.

The House of the Lord.

1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which Thy God resorts!
"Tis heaven to see His smiling face,
Though in His earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quickening rays.

3 With His rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends, and fills the place;
While Christ reveals His wondrous love,
And sheds abroad His grace.

4 There, Mighty God, Thy words declare
The secrets of Thy will;
And still we seek Thy mercy there,
And sing Thy praises still.

118 (PSALM 84.) L.M. WATTS.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around Thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face and learn Thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

119 (PSALM 84.) L.M. WATTS.

God and His Church.

1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at Thy presence flee,—
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

120 (PSALM 84.) 6666,88. WATTS.

Longing for the House of God.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode,
My heart aspires
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

4 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

5 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

6 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

121 (Psalm 84.) 10.10.11.11. CONDER.

The House of God.

1 HOW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.

2 The birds have their home;
They fix on their nest:
Wherever they roam,
They return to their rest:
From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing;
To Thee so returning,
My God and my King.

3 O happy the choirs,
Who praise Thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres;
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

4 Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow:
The God they rely on,
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

5 Thou Hearer of prayer,
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace.
More blest beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure,
By worldlings enjoyed.

6 The Lord is a sun;
The Lord is a shield;
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressed,
He succours the just,
And they shall be blessed,
Who make Him their trust.

122 (PSALM 85.) L.M. WATTS.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By His obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again;
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps, and keep the road.

123 (PSALM 85.) C.M. MILTON.

The Coming of Christ.

1 THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

3 Rise, Lord, judge Thou the earth in might,
This longing earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.

5 For great Thou art, and wonders great,
By Thy strong hand are done;
Thou, in Thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

124 (Psalm 87.) L.M. WATTS.

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.

1 GOD, in His earthly temples, lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new-born or nourished there.

125 (Psalm 87.) S.M. LYTE.

The Church below.

1 THE church of God below,
Is like His church above;
Safe shielded from her every foe,
By heavenly power and love.

2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest;
And God within her courts is found
An omnipresent guest.

3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer;
And he that humbly on Him waits,
Shall surely find Him there.

4 The church of God below
Shall yet more honoured be;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.

5 O blest and favoured men
That in her courts are born;
Their life but sets to rise again,
In heaven's eternal morn!

126 (Psalm 88.) 7.6.D. LYTE.

The Sorrows of the Saints.

1 LORD God of my salvation,
To Thee, to Thee I cry:
O let my supplication
Arrest Thine ear on high.
Distresses round me thicken;
My life draws nigh the grave:
Descend, O Lord, to quicken;
Descend my soul to save.

2 Thy wrath lies hard upon me;
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My friends all seem to shun me,
And foes beset my soul.
Where'er on earth I turn me,
No comforter is near;
Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me?
Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

3 No! banished and heart-broken,
My soul still clings to Thee;
The promise Thou hast spoken,
Shall still my refuge be.

So present ills and terrors
May future joy increase,
And scourge me from mine errors
To duty, hope, and peace.

127 (Psalm 89.) C.M. WATTS.

The Faithfulness of God.

1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is His word.

2 The sacred truths His lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if He speak a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of His grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts, Thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To Thine unchanging love.

128 (Psalm 89.) C.M. WATTS.

The Power and Majesty of God.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at His word.

2 How terrible Thy glories be!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with Thee
Or truth compared with Thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,—
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

129 (PSALM 89.) C.M. WATTS.
The blessed Gospel

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, Thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

130 (PSALM 90.) C.M. WATTS.
Man frail, and God eternal.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

131 (Psalm 90.) S.M. WATTS.

The Brevity of Life.

1 OUR moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

2 Lord, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

3 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

132 (Psalm 91.) L.M. WATTS.

Safety in Public Calamities

1 HE that hath made his refuge, God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say,—My God, Thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make Thine almighty arm my trust.

3 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is our life, His wings are spread
To shield us with a healthful shade.

4 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe; the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

5 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand, ten thousand died,
Thy God His chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

6 But if the fire or plague or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike His saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

7 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

133 (Psalm 92.) L.M. WATTS.

The Day of Rest.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing:
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
Mine inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

134 (Psalm 92.) L.M. WATTS.

The Garden of the Lord.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thy hand;
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2 There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with Thine influence from above:
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend His gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

135 (PSALM 93.) L.M. WATTS.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high;
At Thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall Thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

136 (PSALM 93.) 668,668. WATTS.

The Immutability of God's Throne.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains;
His head with awful glories crowned,
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by Thy commands,
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey Thy word:
Thy throne was fixed on high,
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is Thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against Thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of Thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new;
There fixed Thy church shall ne'er remove.
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in Thy courts appear,
And sing Thine everlasting love.

137 (Psalm 93.) 7.6. WITHER.

The Majesty and Power of God.

1 THE Lord is King, and weareth
A robe of glory bright:
He clothed with strength appeareth,
And girt with powerful might.

2 The earth He hath so grounded
That moved it cannot be;
His throne long since was founded;
More old than time is He.

3 The waters highly flowèd,
And raised their voice, O Lord;
The seas their fury showèd,
And loud their billows roar'd.

4 But God in strength excelleth
Strong seas and powerful deeps;
With Him all pureness dwelleth,
And firm His truth He keeps.

138 (Psalm 93.) L.M. TATE AND BRADY.

Divine Power and Faithfulness.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure
Must still in holiness excel.

139 (Psalm 95.) C.M. WATTS.

Reverential Worship.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in His strength rejoice;
When His salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach His awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,—
Those gods on high and gods below,—
When once compared with Him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in His spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before His face;
O may the creatures of His power
Be children of His grace.

140 (Psalm 95.) S.M. WATTS.

Exhortation to Worship.

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And grateful anthems sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod:
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of His grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord in vengeance drest,
Will lift His hand and swear,—
You that despised My promised rest
Shall have no portion there.

141 (Psalm 95.) L.M. TATE AND BRADY.

Summons to Praise.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King:
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past ;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His name belongs.

3 For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great ;
The hills' great strength is in His hand,
He makes the sea, He fixed the land.

4 O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Low on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord our Maker fall :

5 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
The flock of His rich pasture we ;
To-day, then, like His flock draw near,
To-day—if you His voice will hear.

142 (PSALM 96.) C.M. WATTS.
Christ's First and Second Coming.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations,—Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord His way.

5 Behold! He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

6 But when His voice shall raise the dead
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

143 (Psalm 96.) L.M., 6 lines, triplets. WATTS.

The God of the Gentiles.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all His saving works proclaim.

2 The heathen know Thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read Thy word;
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the earth, He built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel His saving power,
And barbarous nations fear His name;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of His holiness,
And in His courts His grace proclaim.

144 (Psalm 97.) L.M. WATTS.

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 HE reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns:
Praise Him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are His counsels and unknown,
But grace and truth support His throne;
Though gloomy clouds His ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before Him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Flee from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

145 (Psalm 97.) L.M. WATTS.

Grace and Glory.

1 JEHOVAH reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

146 (Psalm 98.) C.M. WATTS.

Praise for the Gospel.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make His name their trust,
And learn His righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth His love proclaim,
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honours of His name.
In melody and songs.

147 (Psalm 98.) C.M. WATTS.

The Messiah's Advent and Reign.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow;
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.

148 (PSALM 98.) 887,887. BARTHOLOMEW.
Jehovah's Praises to be celebrated.

1 PRAISE Jehovah ! bow before Him ;
O be joyful ! saints adore Him,
Evermore His deeds proclaim.
He is mighty in creation,
He is good in His salvation,
Ever magnify His name.

2 By His providence directed,
We are guided and protected,
We receive our daily bread :
He sustaineth each that liveth,
All that we enjoy He giveth,
From His hand we all are fed.

3 Ye, who from His ways have turnèd,
Ye, who His commands have spurnèd,
Come, and His commands obey :
Sinners, when He draweth near,
Shall like darkness disappear,
Heaven and earth shall flee away.

4 But the righteous who revere Him,
Shall remain for ever near Him,
Evermore before His face ;
They that through much tribulation
Waited here His great salvation—
Heaven shall be their dwelling-place.

5 There, with saints and angels blending
Hallelujahs never ending,
All their griefs shall turn to joy ;—
Joy that shall be never ceasing,
Everlasting, still increasing,
Happiness without alloy.

149 (PSALM 99.) S.M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

3 In Zion is His throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

4 How holy is His name!
How terrible His praise!
Justice and truth and judgment join
In all His works of grace.

150 (PSALM 99.) S.M. WATTS.

God's Holiness exalted

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at His feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is His seat.

2 When Israel was His church,
When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave His people rest.

3 Oft He forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race:
And oft He made His vengeance known,
When they abused His grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still He's a God of holiness,
And jealous for His name.

151 (Psalm 100.) L.M. WATTS.

Praise to our Creator

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.

3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

152 (Psalm 100.) L.M. WATTS.

Reverence in Worship.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

153 (Psalm 100.) L.M. HOPKINS.

All People summoned to Worship.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

154 (Psalm 100.) 7s. D. CONDER.

The Praises of Jehovah.

1 O BE joyful in the Lord,
Every land beneath the sun
In His praise, with glad accord,
Let all tongues and hearts be one
For our God is God alone,
Whose we are and not our own;
We His people are, the sheep
He vouchsafes to rule and keep.

2 Come and join the joyous throng,
Who Jehovah's praise proclaim;
In His courts, with grateful song,
Speak the honours of His name.

Rich His bounty to our race;
Inexhaustible His grace;
Ready to forgive and bless;
Ever sure His faithfulness.

155 (PSALM 101.) S.M. BEDDOME.
Family Worship.

1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge Thee,
And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar I will raise;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to Thyself alone,
A dwelling-place for Thee.

156 (PSALM 102.) C.M. WATTS.
Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt His power.

2 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

3 He sits a Sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

4 He frees the souls condemned to death;
And when His saints complain,
Shall it be said that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain?

5 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

157 (Psalm 102.) L.M. DODDRIDGE.

The Eternity of God.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore Thine awful name,
And bow and tremble while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Before Thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday;
And, as to-morrow, shall Thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond the highest angel's sight,
Thou dwellest in eternal light,
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems waste away.

4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And while to lengthened years we trust,
Before the moth we sink to dust.

5 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies:—

6 Calm as the summer's ocean we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God.

158 (Psalm 103.) S.M. WATTS.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Blessings.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
'Tis He relieves thy pain,
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

159 (Psalm 103.) S.M. WATTS.

Abounding Compassion of God.

1 MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

6 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

7 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

160 (Psalm 103.) L.M. WATTS

Blessing God for His Mercies.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind He heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

5 His power He showed by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel His commands;
But sent His truth and mercy down
To all the nations, by His Son.

6 Let the whole earth His power confess;
Let the whole earth adore His grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

161 (Psalm 104.) L.M. WATTS.

God in Creation and Providence.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise:
When clothed in His celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, His glory wears.

2 The heavens are for His curtain spread,
The unfathomed deep He makes His bed;
Clouds are His chariot when He flies
On wingèd storms across the skies.

3 Angels whom His own breath inspires,—
His ministers—are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear His vengeance or His love.

4 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
He bids the crystal fountains flow
And cheer the valleys as they go.

5 God from His cloudy cistern pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

6 How vast Thy works! how great Thy skill!
And every land Thy riches fill;
While the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portions from Thy hands.

7 The earth stands trembling at Thy stroke,
And at Thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see Thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

8 In Thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

162 (Psalm 104.) 10.10.11.11. SIR R. GRANT.

The Majesty and Compassion of God.

1 O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
Whose chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form;
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

163 (Psalm 105.) C.M. WATTS.

Israel conducted through the Wilderness.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke His name,
And tell the world His grace;
Sound through the earth His deeds of fame,
That all may seek His face.

2 His covenant, which He kept in mind
Through numerous ages past;
To numerous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find His truth endure.

4 The Lord Himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

5 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

6 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!
So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

7 Thus guarded by the Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possessed
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoyed their rest.

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be the Almighty's care.

164 (Psalm 106.) L.M. WATTS.

Praise and Prayer by the Church.

1 TO God, the Great, the Ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give Him the thanks His love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of Thy ways?
Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to Thy will.

3 Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

4 O may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice:
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.

165 (Psalm 107.) L.M. WATTS.

Canaan and Heaven.

1 GIVE thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters, and the Egyptian yoke,
He led their march far wandering round;
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

4 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

5 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

6 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

166 (Psalm 107.) C.M. ADDISON.

Divine Protection by Land and Sea.

1 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we adore;
We praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

167 (Psalm 107.) 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

1 THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
For His mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of His choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home,—

4 Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord
For His goodness to their race;
For the wonders of His word,
And the riches of His grace.

168 (PSALM 108.) 446,446. LYTE.

God praised by Men and Angels.

1 MY God, my King,
Thy praise I sing,
My heart is all Thine own:
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone.

2 My voice awake,
Thy part to take;
My soul the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

3 But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

4 His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large His honours be;
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me.

169 (Psalm 108.) L.M. TATE AND BRADY.

The Saint's Resolves.

1 O GOD, my heart is fixed, is bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart, my voice I raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

170 (Psalm 110.) C.M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend Thy throne,
And near the Father sit;
In Zion shall Thy power be known,
And make Thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall Thy Gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own Thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what He swore :—
Eternal shall Thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

4 Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That King of high degree,
That holy man, who Abraham blest,
Was but a type of Thee.

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above ;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of His love.

171 (PSALM 110.) L.M. WATTS.
Christ Exalted, and Multitudes Converted.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son :—Ascend and sit
At My right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at Thy feet.

2 From Zion shall Thy word proceed ;
Thy word, the sceptre in Thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to Thy command.

3 That day shall show Thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd Thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines.

4 O blessed power ! O glorious day !
What a large victory shall ensue !
And converts who Thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

172 (Psalm 110.) 6666,88.

Christ, King and Priest.

1 ALL hail! victorious Lord!
At God's right hand above,
Triumphant o'er Thy foes,
Triumphant in Thy love,
To Thee our joyful songs we bring;
To Thee we bow, all-conquering King!

2 All hail! exalted Priest!
To Thee our all we give,
Enthroned above the skies,
All homage to receive;
There deign in our behalf to plead;
Yea, there for ever intercede.

173 (Psalm 111.) C.M. WATTS.

The Perfections of God.

1 GREAT is the Lord: His works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives His children food;
And, ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.

3 His Son, the Great Redeemer, came
To seal His covenant sure;
Holy and reverend is His name,
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with His fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

174 (PSALM 112.) C.M. WATTS.

Liberality Rewarded.

1 HAPPY the man that fears the Lord,
And follows His commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-established mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
Shall be his sure reward.

175 (PSALM 113.) L.M., 6 lines, triplets. WATTS.

The Condescension of God.

1 YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of His name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas His power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give His vast dominion bounds:
The heavens are far below His height;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Armed with His uncreated might.

3 He bows His glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends His care to mortal things;
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

176 (Psalm 113.) L.M. WATTS

God Sovereign and Gracious.

1 YE servants of the Almighty King,
In every age His praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall His praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands His high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place His power restrain,
Nor bound His universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold His love! He stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From lowly homes and scenes obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of His sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

177 (Psalm 113.) L.M. MONTGOMERY.

Divine Condescension.

1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise:
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

2 Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest.
Above the heavens His power is known;
Through all the earth His goodness shown.

3 Who is like God?—so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

5 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise:
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

178 (PSALM 113.) 7s. CONDER.

Hallelujah.

1 HALLELUJAH! Raise, O raise
To our God the song of praise:
All His servants join to sing
God our Saviour and our King.

2 Blessed be for evermore
That dread name which we adore:
Round the world His praise be sung,
Through all lands, in every tongue.

3 O'er all nations God alone,
Higher than the heavens His throne;
Who is like to God most high,
Infinite in majesty?

4 Yet to view the heavens He bends;
Yea, to earth He condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.

5 He can raise the poor to stand
With the princes of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the meanest high in power.

6 He the broken spirit cheers;
Turns to joy the mourner's tears;
Such the wonders of His ways;
Praise His name—for ever praise.

179 (PSALM 114.) L.M. WATTS.

Miracles in the Wilderness.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was His throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs, the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain every flood
Retire, and know the approaching God,
The King of Israel—see Him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools He turns:
Flints spring with fountains at His word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

180 (Psalm 115.) L.M. WATTS.

The true God our Refuge.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, Thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 The God we serve maintains His throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Through all the earth His will is done;
He knows our groans, He hears our cries.

3 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

4 The dead no more can speak Thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing Thy grace,
And tell the world Thy power to save.

181 (Psalm 116.) C.M. WATTS.

Vows in Trouble paid in the Church.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thy house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

182 (Psalm 116.) C.M. MONTGOMERY.

The Believer's Gratitude.

1 I LOVE the Lord, he lent an ear
When I for help implored:
He rescued me from all my fear;
Therefore I love the Lord.

2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest;
His goodness called thee home.

3 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

4 This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
And thus Thy power proclaim:—
Salvation's sacred cup I take,
And call upon Thy name.

5 Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
And at Thine altar bow:

6 Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

183 (PSALM 117.) S.M. WATTS.

God to be praised in every Land.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

184 (PSALM 117.) C.M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn His word,
And let His name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim His grace abroad;
For ever firm His truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

185 (PSALM 117.) L.M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all People.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

186 (PSALM 117.) 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Universal Praise.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise:

2 For His truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be;
Like the years of His right hand,
Like His own eternity.

3 Praise Him, ye who know His love;
Praise Him from the depths beneath;
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

187 (Psalm 118.) C.M. WATTS.

The Foundation of the Church.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

188 (Psalm 118.) C.M. WATTS.

The Lord's Day

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise.

189 (PSALM 118.) S.M. WATTS.
The Corner Stone celebrated.

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built His church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject Thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine;
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless Him, ye saints, He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless Thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on Thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

190 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

The Blessedness of Saints.

1 BLEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from Thy law depart,
But flee from every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep Thy word,
And practise Thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve Thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love Thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
My face be free from shame,
When all Thy statutes I obey,
And honour all Thy name.

191 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

The Saint's Choice and Obedience.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from Thy path,
  I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to Thy commands,
  And trust Thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
  O save Thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
  My hope is in Thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
  Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
  Would I perform Thy will.

192 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

The Bible the Guide of Youth.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts
  And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
  To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
  It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
  And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
  That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
  A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep Thy law with care,
  And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
  And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
  I hate the sinner's road;
I hate mine own vain thoughts that rise,
  But love Thy law, my God.

6 Thy word is everlasting Truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

193 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

Delight in Scripture.

1 O HOW I love Thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 How doth Thy word my heart engage,
How well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song!

3 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall Thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

4 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write Thy praise.

194 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

The Perfection of Scripture.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with Thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But Thine conduct to heaven.

3 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But Thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

4 Our faith and love and every grace,
Fall far below Thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

195 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

The Word of God the Saint's Portion.

1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

196 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

Divine Teaching implored.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good Thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read Thy word,
And see Thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashioned by Thy hand;
My service is Thy due:
O make Thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not Thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confessed my wandering ways
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of Thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me His statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world His ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce His praise.

197 (Psalm 119.) C.M. WATTS.

Breathing after Holiness.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still;
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will.

2 O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head or heart or hands,
Offend against my God.

198 (PSALM 119.) C. M. WATTS.

Prayer for reviving Grace.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love Thy Gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

199 (PSALM 119.) C. M. WATTS.

Benefit of Afflictions.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And Thy deliverance send;
My soul for Thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn Thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 Had not Thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

4 I know Thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from Thy faithful care.

5 Before I knew Thy chastening rod
My feet had gone astray;
But now I learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from Thy way.

200 (Psalm 119.) L.M. WATTS

Sanctified Afflictions.

1 FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand;
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord:
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep Thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn His statutes well.

4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know Thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

5 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in Thy word,
And made Thy grace mine only choice.

201 (Psalm 121.) C.M. WATTS.

Preservation by Day and Night.

1 TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
Whom He designs to keep:
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With His almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ His power
For thine eternal guard.

5 He guards thy soul, He keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go, and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

202 (Psalm 121.) L.M. WATTS.

Divine Protection.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,—
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There mine Almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives;—the Everlasting God,—
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

203 (Psalm 121.) C.M. TATE AND BRADY.

God the Defender of His People.

1 TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;—
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2 Rest then, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep,
His powerful hand and watchful eye
Will Israel safely keep.

3 Sheltered beneath the Almighty wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night, molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
And crown thy journey's end.

204 (Psalm 122.) C.M. WATTS.

Love to God's House.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

205 (Psalm 122.) 668,668. WATTS.

On going to the House of God.

1 HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry, —
Come, let us seek our God to-day!
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For there my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

206 (Psalm 122.) S.M. MONTGOMERY.

Pleasure in Worship.

1 GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,—
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 'tis a holy day.

2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door;
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet;
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God:
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

5 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

6 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace.

207 (PSALM 123.) 7s., 6 lines. BOWDLER.

Looking to God.

1 LORD, before Thy throne we bend;
Lord, to Thee our prayers ascend;
Servants, to our Master true,
Lord, we yield Thee homage due;
Children, to our God we fly,
Abba! Father! hear our cry.

2 Low before Thee, Lord, we bow;
We are weak, but mighty Thou;
Sore distressed, yet suppliant still,
Here we wait Thy holy will;
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.

3 From the heavens, Thy dwelling-place,
Hear and grant Thy pardoning grace;
In temptation's dangerous hour,
Leave us not beneath its power:
God, our Saviour, still be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

208 (PSALM 125.) S.M. WATTS.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and His almighty love
Embrace His saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

209 (Psalm 125.) C.M. WATTS.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

1 UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

210 (Psalm 125.) S.M. C. WESLEY.

Safety in Divine Protection.

1 WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel His sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast and fixed and sure,
His Zion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure,
Fenced by His guardian love.

3 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies.

4 On every side He stands,
And for His Israel cares;
And safe in His almighty hands
Their souls for ever bears.

5 But let them still abide
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified
And perfectly restored.

6 The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

211 (Psalm 126.) C.M. WATTS.

Labour for God not lost.

1 WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

3 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

4 The seed, though buried long in dust,
Shall not deceive their hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

212 (Psalm 127.) L.M. WATTS.

The Blessing of God in daily Life.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost:
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread:

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our Sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom He sends
Obedient children, faithful friends;
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with His love.

213 (Psalm 128.) C.M. WATTS.

Family Blessings.

1 O HAPPY man whose soul is filled
With zeal and reverend awe;
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head;
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home,

4 This is the man whose happy eyes
  Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking Church arise,
  Then leave the world in peace.

214 (Psalm 130.) L.M. WATTS.

Pardoning Grace.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts
  To Thee, my God, I raised my cries;
If Thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before Thine eyes.

2 But Thou hast built Thy throne of grace
Free to dispense Thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach Thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before Thy gate;
When will my God His face display.

4 My trust is fixed upon Thy word,
Nor shall I trust Thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is His love, and large His grace,
Through the redemption of His Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

215 (Psalm 130.) 87,87,887. LUTHER.

A Penitential Psalm.

1 OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,
  Lord God, O hear my wailing!
Thy gracious ear incline to me,
  And make my prayer availing:
On my misdeeds in mercy look,
O deign to blot them from Thy book,
  Or who can stand before Thee?

2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
  Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
  Sin in my heart is living:
None guiltless in Thy sight appear,
All who approach Thy throne must fear,
  And humbly trust thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just,
  This is my hope's foundation;
On Thy redeeming grace I trust,
  Grant me, then, Thy salvation:
Shielded by Thee I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,
  And I rely upon Thee.

4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
  To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,
  Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,
And he shall find Thy mercy free,
  And Thy redemption plenteous.

5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
  By grace they are exceeded;
Thy helping hand is always found
  With aid, where aid is needed:
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
  And pardon his transgression.

216 (Psalm 131.) C.M. WATTS.

Humility and Patience.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
  Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
  Lord, I appeal to Thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with Thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

217 (Psalm 131.) 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Humility and Meekness.

1 LORD, for ever at Thy side,
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken,—I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithful word I rest.

4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise and wonderful and just.

218 (Psalm 132.) C.M. WATTS.

Dedication Prayer.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo! Thy Church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, Mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine,
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;
And as His kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn His crown,
And shame confound His foes.

219 (Psalm 132.) L.M. WATTS.

On Opening a House for God.

1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for the Eternal Mind
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for His ancient rest;
And Zion is His dwelling still,
His Church is with His presence blest.

3 Here will I fix My gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall My power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend My word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before My door
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 The saints, unable to restrain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

220 (Psalm 132.) L.M. MONTGOMERY.

Commencement of Public Worship.

1 GOD in His temple let us meet;
Low on our knees before Him bend;
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat;
Here on His Sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou, and Thine ark of strength, O Lord:
Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

3 With righteousness Thy priests array;
Joyful Thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all, be holiness to Thee.

221 (Psalm 133.) C.M. WATTS.

Brotherly Love.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole,

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread:

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God His mildest glory shows,
And makes His grace distil.

222 (PSALM 133.) S.M. WATTS

Communion of Saints.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The fragrance o'er his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

223 (PSALM 134.) C.M. WATTS

Morning and Evening Devotion.

1 YE that obey the Immortal King,
Attend His holy place;
Bow to the glories of His power,
And bless His wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
Lift up your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quickening grace;—
The God that spread the heavens abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

224 (PSALM 135.) L.M. WATTS.

Praise by the Church.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt His name,
While in His holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints that to His house belong,
Or stand attending at His gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise His name is sweet employ:
Israel He chose of old, and still
His church is His peculiar joy.

3 The Lord Himself will judge His saints;
He treats His servants as His friends;
And when He hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that He sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod:
He gives His suffering servants rest,
And will be known, The Almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste His love;
People and priests exalt His name:
Among His saints He ever dwells;
His church is His Jerusalem.

225 (PSALM 135.) C.M. WATTS.

Praise God, not Idols.

1 GREAT is the Lord, and works unknown
Are His divine employ:
But still His saints are near His throne,
His treasure and His joy.

2 Heaven, earth, and sea confess His hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at His command
Sweep through the sounding skies.

3 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with Him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah's known.

4 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain ?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

5 O Britain, know thy Living God,
Serve Him with faith and fear :
He makes thy churches His abode,
And claims thine honours there.

226 (Psalm 136.) C.M. WATT

Creation and Redemption.

1 GIVE thanks to God, the Sovereign Lor
His mercies still endure ;
And be the King of kings adored ;
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath His wisdom done !
How mighty is His hand !
Heaven, earth, and sea, He framed alone ;
How wide is His command !

3 The sun supplies the day with light ;
How bright His counsels shine ;
The moon and stars adorn the night ;
His works are all Divine.

4 He saw the nations dead in sin ;
He felt His pity move :
How sad the state the world was in !
How boundless was His love !

5 He sent to save us from our woe,—
His goodness never fails—
From death and hell and every foe ;
And still His grace prevails.

6 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King :
His mercies still endure :
Let the whole earth His praises sing ;
His truth is ever sure.

227 (PSALM 136.) L.M. WATTS.

The Wonders of Divine Grace.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 The Jews He freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt His pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

8 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

228 (PSALM 136.) 6666,88. WATTS

Divine Power and Grace.

1 GIVE thanks to God Most High,
The Universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be His grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let His name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is His hand!
What wonders hath He done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let His name
Have endless praise.

4 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

5 He sent His only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let His name
Have endless praise.

6 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

229 (PSALM 136.) 7s. MILTON.
God's Mercy Eternal.

1 LET us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us sound His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He the golden-tressed sun
Caused all day his course to run:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He His chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His meries shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

230 (Psalm 137.) S.M. LYTE.

Songs in the Desert.

1 FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry,—Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

2 Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung;
How should I sing a cheerful song,
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee:
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

5 God of my life be near:
On Thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

231 (Psalm 138.) L.M. WATTS.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make Thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there:
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word;
Not all Thy works and names below
So much Thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes,
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

5 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

232 (Psalm 139.) C.M. WATTS.

God everywhere.

1 IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

233 (Psalm 139.) L.M. WATTS.

The all-seeing God.

1 LORD, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts before they are mine own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from mine opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

234 (Psalm 139.) C.M. WATTS.

An Evening Psalm.

1 LORD, when I count Thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of Thy skill;
And hourly blessings from Thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with Thee.

235 (Psalm 140.) 886,886.

Prayer in the Midst of Enemies.

1 MY God, when dangers press me round,
And safety but in Thee is found,
O leave me not alone:
Preserve my soul from every snare,
Grant me Thine aid, and let my prayer
Reach Thine eternal throne.

2 Thou art my God, my strength, my stay;
Who in temptation's evil day
Hast shielded me from harm:
Now to the malice of my foes,
Lord, the resistless force oppose
Of Thine almighty arm.

3 I know that God His church will keep,
Will bid the mourner cease to weep,
And plead the poor man's cause:
When wrath the wicked shall destroy,
They shall abide in peace and joy
Who love Thy righteous laws.

236 (Psalm 141.) L.M. WATTS.

Morning Prayer.

1 MY God accept mine early vows,
Like morning incense in Thy house:
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous when I stray,
Kindly reprove my wandering way:
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

237 (Psalm 143.) L.M. WATTS.

Complaint and Prayer.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from Thy throne;
O make Thy truth and mercy known.

2 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

3 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn:
When will Thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide His love?

4 Teach me to do Thy holy will,
And lead me to Thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of Thy love
Conduct me to Thy courts above.

238 (Psalm 144.) C. M. WATTS.

Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise.

239 (Psalm 145.) C.M. WATTS.

Life-long Praise.

1 LONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.

6 The world is governed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

240 (Psalm 145.) C.M. WATTS.

The Goodness of God celebrated.

1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy name.

241 (PSALM 145.) L.M. WATTS.
British Christians invited to Praise.

1 MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some grateful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows—an endless stream—
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine,
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sacred honours of Thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways!
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

242 (PSALM 146.) L.M., 6 lines, triplets. WATTS.
Praise in Life, in Death, and for Ever.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 He loves His saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

5 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

243 (Psalm 147.) L.M. WATTS.

Nature, Providence, and Grace.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great His might;
And all His glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
Who spreads His clouds all round the sky;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 But saints are precious in His sight:
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

244 (Psalm 147.) C.M. WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends His showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends His word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

245 (Psalm 148.) 8.7. MANT.

Praise to God through the Universe.

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed:
Laws that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious:
Never shall His promise fail.
God hath made His saints victorious:
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify His name.

246 (PSALM 148.) L.M. WATTS.
Universal Praise to God.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it, dreadful, down to hell.

CHORUS.

Each of His works His name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil His praise.

2 The Lord! how absolute He reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee,
Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce His terrors be.

3 High on a throne His glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared with His.

4 Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Let the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.

5 Jehovah, 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue:
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

6 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

247 (PSALM 149.) C.M. WATTS.
Praise to God from all His Saints.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of His grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despised in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing;
For God shall raise the dead.

5 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepared for all His friends
Who humbly loved Him here.

248 (PSALM 149.) 10.10.11.11. TATE & BRADY.
Praise in the Sanctuary.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great assembly to sing:
In our Great Creator let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion be glad in their King.

2 Let all who adore Jehovah, our Lord,
With heart and with tongue His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure His saints to reward,
And with His salvation the humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned, His people shall sing
To God, who their heads with safety doth shield;
Such honour and triumph His favour shall bring;
O therefore, for ever, all praise to Him yield.

249 (PSALM 149.) 10.10.11.11. PARK.
Universal Praise.

1 MY soul, praise the Lord, speak good of His name;
His mercies record, His bounties proclaim.
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

2 Though hidden from sight, God sits on His throne,
Yet here by His works their Creator is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs the earth with gracious design.
O'er beast, bird, and insect His providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still [sustains.

4 And man, His last work, with reason endued,
Though fallen through sin, by grace is renewed:
To God, his Redeemer, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise.

250 (PSALM 150.) 7s. LYTE.
Praises in the Sanctuary.

1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show;
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
Praise Him all that share His love.

2 Earth, to heaven exalt the strain,
Send it, heaven, to earth again;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

3 Praise the Lord; His goodness trace,
All the wonders of His grace,
All that He hath borne and done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Harps and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

251 (PSALM 150.) C.M. WATTS

Praises in the House of God.

1 IN God's own house pronounce His praise,
His grace He there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there His glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse His deeds;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise Him best.

HYMNS.

THE DIVINE BEING.

HIS GLORY AND PERFECTIONS.

252 L.M.

Worship God.—Rev. xxii. 9.

1 WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad:
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee, the great Jehovah, own.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord;
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored;
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song:
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty;
The Son, the Spirit, we adore;
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

253

C.M. PATRICK

Glorious in holiness.—Exod. xv. 11.

1 O God, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou, the only Lord
And everlasting Father, art
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry—

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou, the eternal Father, art
Of boundless majesty.

254

7s. MONTGOMERY.

Praise our God, all ye His servants.
Rev. xix. 5.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun;
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

255

7s., 6 lines. WITHER.

They shall show forth the praises of the Lord.
Is. lx. 6.

1 COME, O come, with sacred lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place;
And, amid the mortal throng,
Be ye masters of the song.

2 Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest worship yours;
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is He.

3 From the earth's remotest end,
Let the voice of praise ascend;
Spreading wide from shore to shore
Let the ocean-fulness roar;
Winds and clouds, as on ye move,
Bear the mighty sound above.

4 So shall He, from heaven's high tower,
On the earth His blessings pour;
All this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir—one temple—be;
Come, then, come, in sacred lays
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

256 6684. D. OLIVERS.

The God of Abraham.—Gen. xxxi. 42.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed:
We bow and own the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame and power;
And Him our only portion make,
Our shield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us through the wilderness
To see His face.
He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He, by Himself, hath sworn;
We on His oath depend,
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;

We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays,
And celebrate with all our powers
His endless praise.

257 L.M. WATTS.

The high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.—Isa. lvii. 15.

1 ETERNAL Power—whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their finite rounds:—

2 Thee, while the first Archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learnt to lisp Thy name;
But, O, the glories of Thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

258 C.M. WATTS.

Art Thou not from everlasting, O Lord my God?
Hab. i. 12.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.

4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in Thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

259 C.M.D. C. WESLEY.

Canst thou by searching find out God?
Job. xi. 7.

1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man,
Beyond archangels go,
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?

His attributes divinely soar
  Above the creature's sight;
And prostrate seraphim adore
  The glorious Infinite.

2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
  They cannot numbered be;
Incomprehensible the space
  Of Thine immensity;
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
  In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our lab'ring thought to assign
  Omnipotence a bound.

3 The brightness of Thy glories leaves
  Description far below:
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
  How deep Thy mercies flow.
Thy love is most unsearchable,
  And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
  The treasures of Thy love.

260 L.M. WATTS.

Behold, God is great, and we know Him not.
Job xxxvi. 26.

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind:
  Who can behold Thy bright abode?
O 'tis beyond a creature mind
To glance a thought half way to God!

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither mortal thought can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds His seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath His sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, Thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above ;
Beyond our praise Thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

261

86,886. BINNEY.

God is light, and in Him is no darkness.
1 John i. 5.

1 ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss ;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God :—

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above :
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

262 C.M. WATTS.

Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?
Job. xi. 7.

1 HOW shall I praise the eternal God,
That infinite Unknown ?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne ?

2 The great Invisible ! He dwells
Concealed in dazzling light ;
But His all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around ;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy ;
Infinite years His life prolong,
And endless is His joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees;
Firm as a rock His truth remains,
To guard His promises.

6 Justice, upon an awful throne,
Maintains the rights of God ;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with the Saviour's blood.

7 Now to my soul, Immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word ;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

263 C.M. FABER.

Who would not fear Thee, O King of nations?
Jer. x. 7.

1 MY God, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How radiant Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 Thou glorious God, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be;—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, Living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship Thee with humble hope,
And penitential tears.

5 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 Father of Jesus, God of love,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

264 C.M., 6 lines. CONDER.

Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord.
Jer. xxiii. 24.

1 BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my God, art nigh:—

2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main:—

3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim:
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

5 O! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest.
O come, Thou Presence Infinite!
And make Thy creature blest.

265 L.M. WATTS.

Thou reignest over all.—1 Chron. xxix. 12.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, His throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards His holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all His works His wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of His will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

266

6666,88. WATTS.

The Lord's throne is in heaven.—Ps. xi. 4.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law:
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs:
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

267 C.M. WATTS.

Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord.
Zech. ii. 13.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame;
While all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to His name.

4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In Thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

268 C.M. WATTS.

Fearful in praises, doing wonders.
Exod. xv. 11.

1 THE Lord—how fearful is His name!
How wide is His command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on His mighty hand.

2 Immortal glory forms His throne,
And light His awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of His almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them if He please.

4 On angels, with unveiled face,
His glory beams above;
On men He looks with softest grace,
And takes His title, Love.

5 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as He will:
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are His children still.

6 No more shall peevish passion rise,
Our tongues no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

269 C.M. WATTS

He is faithful that promised.—Heb. x. 23.

1 BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

6 He said,—Let the wide heaven be spread,
And heaven was stretched abroad:
Abraham, I'll be thy God,—He said,
And He was Abraham's God.

7 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, Thou art mine;
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

270 L.M. WATTS.

Great is Thy faithfulness.—Lam. iii. 23.

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the wide realms of earth and seas.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules His people by His word,
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.

3 Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words on which His children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spake, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Whence, then, should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.

5 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own:

6 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

7 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies;
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power maintains.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

CREATION.

271 S.M. WATTS.

Thou hast done wonderful things.
Isa. xxv. 1.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How wondrous is Thy name!
Thy glories, how diffused abroad,
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to express
Her undissembled praise.

3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the tribute due.

4 In worship may I spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

272 C.M. WATTS.

Blessed be Thy glorious name.—Neh. ix. 5.

1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

2 With His right hand He shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from His own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

4 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And His unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

273 8.7. D. FAWCETT.

Thou hast created all things.—Rev. iv. 11.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,
Praise be Thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine:
Hail! the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high:
Joyfully, on earth, adore Him,
Till, in heaven, our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

274

C.M. WATTS.

He that built all things is God.
Heb. iii. 4.

1 I SING the almighty power of God
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known:
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

275

C.M. WATTS.

The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth.—Prov. iii. 19.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom! Thee we praise,
Thee, the creation sings;
With Thy great name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies and seas and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the Builder, God.

4 But, Lord, the glories of Thy grace
Our warm affections move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

276 C.M. KEBLE.

Their line is gone out through all the earth.—Ps. xix. 4.

1 THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

277

7s., 6 lines. CONDER.

It is He that hath made us.—Psalm c. 3.

1 O GIVE thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship;
And all creatures are His care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man?

4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself has trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

278

L.M. DODDRIDGE.

His glory is above the earth and heaven.
Psalm cxlviii. 13.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let His power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite ;
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun and moon and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 See earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade ;
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns!

4 But O that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!
God's only Son, in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made :

5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;
There in the land of praise adore :
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

PROVIDENCE.

279 C.M. WATTS.

Another book...the book of life.—Rev. xx. 12.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abased before their God ;
Whate'er His sovereign voice has formed,
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to His thought.

3 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis He provides those rays,
And 'tis His hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

4 Yet I would not be much concerned,
  Nor vainly long to see
The volume of His deep decrees,
  What months are writ for me.

5 When He reveals the book of life,
  O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of His love,
  The followers of the Lamb.

280

L.M. WATTS.

What I do thou knowest not now.
John xiii. 7.

1 LORD, we adore Thy vast designs,
  The obscure abyss of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now, Thou arrayest Thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile ;
We, through the cloud, believe Thy grace,
Secure of Thy compassion still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight :
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the briars and the night.

4 Dear Father, if Thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

281

C.M. COWPER.

Thy footsteps are not known.—Ps. lxxvii. 19.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform :
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

282 C.M. HERVEY.

He shall choose our inheritance.
Ps. xlvii. 4.

1 SINCE all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?

2 Why should we doubt His constant love,
Immeasurably kind?
To His unerring gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

283

L.M. WATTS.

He beholdeth all the sons of men.
Psalm xxxiii. 13.

1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.

2 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.

3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

4 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

5 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

284

L.M. COWPER.

All things come of Thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 ALMIGHTY King, whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land;
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart in vain shall sigh for more.

2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good:
My soul is nourished by Thy word:
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

3 My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this earthly frame:
Whate'er I need, His bounty gives,
By whom my soul for ever lives.

4 Either His hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I suffer, heals again;
From Satan's malice shields my breast,
Or overrules it for the best.

5 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It means Thy praise, however poor:
An angel's song can do no more.

285 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

I am the God of Bethel.—Gen. xxxi. 13.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore!
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore.

286 C.M. WILLIAMS.

My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. xxxi. 15.

1 WHILE Thee I seek, Almighty Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lour,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

287 C.M. NEWTON.

What shall I render unto the Lord?
Psalm cxvi. 12.

1 FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

5 I cannot serve Him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most.

288 C.M. WARDLAW.

Lift up thy voice with strength.—Isa. xl. 9.

1 LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent His Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

289

C.M. LYTE

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord.
Psalm lxxxix. 1.

1 THE mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
O happy they who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too.

2 As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy truth shall run,
And chance and change defy.

3 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.

4 Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,
Created at Thy will:
The waves at Thy command arise,
At Thy command are still.

5 In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee?
O spread the gospel of Thy love,
Till all, Thy glories see.

290

ADDISON.

Remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.—Deut. viii. 2.

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed.
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

8 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

9 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

291 87,87,887. DECIUS.

Casting all your care upon Him.—1 Pet. v. 7.

TO God on high be thanks and praise,
Who deigns our bonds to sever;
His cares our drooping souls upraise,
And harm shall reach us never:
On Him we rest with faith assured,
Of all that live, the mighty Lord,
For ever and for ever!

GRACE.

292 S.M. DODDRIDGE

By grace are ye saved.—Eph. ii. 8.

1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

293 S.M. WATTS

Who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ.—2 Cor. v. 18.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our fallen race
From their abyss of woes.

3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

5 Lord, we obey Thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

94

L.M. WATTS.

According to His own purpose and grace.
2 Tim. i. 9.

1 NOW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honours given;
He saves from hell, we bless His name,
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.

3 'Twas His own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ His Son
Before He spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes His Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transaction's past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, He brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

295 L.M., 6 lines. PRES. DAVIES.

Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity?—Micah vii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways,
Are worthy of Thyself,—divine:—
But the bright glories of Thy grace,
Beyond Thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none may share,
Is there a pardoning God like Thee?
Or is there grace so rich and free?

3 Pardon—from an offended God:
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye;
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood:
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
Where is the pardoning God like Thee?
Or where the grace so rich and free?

4 O may this glorious, matchless love,
This wondrous miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise:—
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

296 C.M. C. WESLEY.

God is able to make all grace abound toward you.—2 Cor. ix. 8.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still :
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound :
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

297 11. STOCKER.

I will sing of mercy.—Psalm ci. 1.

1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue ;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

2 Without Thy rich mercy I could not live here ;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;
But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is mightier far than my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolved by Thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I've found.

4 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell;
'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me.

5 Great Father of mercies, Thy goodness I own;
And the covenant love of Thy crucified Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine;
Seals mercy and pardon and righteousness mine.

298

C.M. WATTS.

The glory of His grace.—Eph. i. 6.

1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That joined in council to restore,
And save our ruined race.

2 Blessed be the Lord, that sent His Son,
To take our flesh and blood;
He, for our lives, gave up His own,
To make our peace with God.

3 He honoured all His Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

4 Behold Him rising from the grave,
Behold Him raised on high;
He pleads His merits there to save
Transgressors doomed to die.

5 There on a glorious throne He reigns,
And, by His power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

6 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and wake up every tomb,
While ransomed saints rejoice.

7 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face;
And, with the blest assembly there,
Sing His redeeming grace.

299 C.M. WATTS.

The exceeding riches of His grace.—Eph. ii. 7.

1 FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines!
How high Thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill,
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy patience still.

3 But when we view Thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

4 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe,
We love and we adore;
The highest angel never saw
So much of God before.

5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

7 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

300 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

We will rejoice in His salvation.—Isa. xxv. 9.

1 GOD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, Thy saving power;
And, to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption Thou hast wrought.

2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain;
And, while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.

3 Perish each thought of human pride,
Let God alone be magnified;
His glory let the heavens resound,
Echoed from earth's remotest bound.

4 Saints, who His full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raise
Continued, never-ending praise.

301 C.M. WATTS.

My mouth shall show forth Thy salvation.
Ps. lxxi. 15.

1 LET them neglect Thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew Thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of Thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to Thy throne;
All glory to the united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas He, and we'll adore His name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruined frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

302 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

While I live will I praise the Lord.
Ps. cxlvi. 2.

1 GOD of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And echo to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies.

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.

6 My cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

HIS DIVINE GLORY AND WORSHIP.

303 C.M. WATTS.

And they sung a new song.—Rev. v. 9.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound:—

3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise,—
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath Thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

304 L.M. WATTS.

The express image of His person.—Heb. i. 3.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Hath all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And Thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But, in His face a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands;
The radiant lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

6 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face;
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His name to harps of gold.

305 L.M. WATTS.

In the beginning was the Word.—John i. 1.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power were all things made;
By Him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of Thy years?

4 Mortals with joy behold His face,
The Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through His eyes the Godhead shone.

5 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our Incarnate God,
The glories of Immanuel.

306 7.6. D. COWPER.

The Lord possessed me in the beginning.
Prov. viii. 22.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills;
Before He filled the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In ME, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never-wasting;
And Wisdom is My name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with Him then:
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine, the sons of men.

3 Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race:
Thy gracious eye surveyed us,
Ere stars were seen above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

4 And couldst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,—
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nailed Thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says,—Sinner, I am thine!

307 86,86,88. CONDER.

That . . . every knee should bow—Phil. ii. 10.

1 THOU art the Everlasting Word,
The Father's only Son;
God, manifestly seen and heard,
And Heaven's beloved One.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

2 In Thee, most perfectly expressed,
The Father's glories shine:
Of the full Deity possessed,
Eternally divine.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

3 True Image of the Infinite,
Whose Essence is concealed;
Brightness of Uncreated Light;
The heart of God revealed.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

4 But the high mysteries of Thy name
An angel's grasp transcend:
The Father only—glorious claim—
The Son can comprehend.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

5 Yet, loving Thee, on whom His love
Ineffable doth rest,
Thy glorious worshippers above,
As one with Thee, are blest.
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

6 Throughout the universe of bliss,
The centre Thou, and sun.
The eternal theme of praise is this,
To Heaven's Beloved One :—
Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,
That every knee to Thee should bow.

308

L.M. WATTS.

Equal with God.—Phil. ii. 6.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before Thy seat;
To Thee we lift a humble thought,
And worship at Thine awful feet.

2 Thy power hath formed, Thy wisdom sways,
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with Thee?

4 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

309 C.M. FAWCETT.

The Desire of all nations.—Hag. ii. 7.

1 INFINITE excellence is Thine,
Almighty King of Grace;
Thine uncreated glories shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet;
To Thee their prayers and songs ascend;
In Thee their wishes meet.

3 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thine exhaustless store:
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.

4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in Thee:
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

310 C.M. TOPLADY.

To Him be dominion and glory.—Rev. i. 6.

1 WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace;
We praise Thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Redeemed our fallen race.

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign.

3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
Through heaven's extended coasts:—
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord
Of glory and of hosts.

4 The cherubim and seraphim
Incessant sing to Thee;
The worlds and all the powers therein
Adore Thy majesty.

5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,
In radiant garments dressed,
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap
The fulness of Thy rest.

6 The apostles' glorious company
Thy righteous praise proclaim:
The martyred army glorify
Thine everlasting name.

7 Through all the world, Thy churches join
To call on Thee their Head,
Brightness of majesty Divine,
Who every power hast made.

8 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing Thy precious blood.
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou Holy Lamb of God!

311

8.7. D. ROBINSON

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour.—Rev. iv. 11.

1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme;
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days;
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and endless praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;—
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence, that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessed be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow:—
Re-ascend, Immortal Saviour!
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

312 L.M. HEBER.

Hosanna.—John xii. 13.

1 HOSANNA to the Living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
CHORUS. Hosanna in the highest.

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, all around,
The dead, the living, swell the sound.

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

313 10.10.11.11. C. WESLEY

Salvation to God and the Lamb.—Rev. vii. 1

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh,
His presence we have;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,—
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,—
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,

All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
For infinite love.

HIS MEDIATORIAL CHARACTER AND TITLES.

314 7s. CENNICK.

Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.—Phil. ii. 11.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ, our Peace and Righteousness:
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

2 Son of God, to Thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the woman's promised Seed;
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.

3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing:
Thee we praise, our Priest and King.
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought,
Of salvation by Thee wrought;
Wrought to set Thy people free,
Wrought to bring our souls to Thee.

5 Thee, our Lord, whom we adore,
May we follow more and more.
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

315 C.M. WATTS.

Glory be to the Lamb for ever.—Rev. v. 13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died,—they cry,—
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb,—our lips reply,—
For He was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air and earth and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

316 77,87. D. C. WESLEY.

The Head over all to the Church.
Eph. 1. 22.

1 HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee,
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those before Thee.
We lift our hands and voices
In blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
Or passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise that knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We lift our hands, exulting
In Thine almighty favour:
The love Divine which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

317 L.M. WATTS.

In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.—Col. ii. 9.

1 FROM the rich treasures of His word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of Majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminished rays;
The eternal Father's equal Son,
The Heir and Partner of His throne.

3 But when for works of peace He comes,
What gracious titles He assumes:
Light of the world, and Life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

4 With tender pity in His heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A Friend and Brother He appears,
And well fulfils the names He wears.

5 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
He leads the armies of the sky,
Clad in a vesture dyed in blood,
And breaks the nations with His rod.

6 At length, the Judge His throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from His friends;
And saints in full fruition prove
His boundless plenitude of love.

318 6666,88. WATTS.

In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.—Col. ii. 3.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach His heavenly grace:
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.

3 Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He, like an angel, stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in His hands;
Commissioned from His Father's throne
To make His grace to mortals known,

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with Heaven.

5 Be Thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side:
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of His sheep:
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 My Saviour and my Lord,
My Conqueror and my King;
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

10 Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

319 L.M. WATTS.

He that cometh from above is above all.
John iii. 31.

1 GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in His face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make His beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 O let me climb those higher skies
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There He displays His power abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.

4 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold Him face to face.

320 S.M. WATTS.

Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God.—Heb. x. 9.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from His bosom sent His Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, the Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully He came!

3 It cost Him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and He appears
To make the payment good.

4 Look up, my soul, to Him
Whose death was thy desert;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from His breaking heart.

5 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs He lies,
Fulfils His Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

6 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let Thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart.

321 L. M., 6 lines. C. WESLEY.

Christ is all, and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose;
Thou all-sufficient Love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine,
From sin and grief, from guilt and shame:
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings and power and peace,
And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with Thy dear name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,
My rest in toil, mine ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain:
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, mine almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death; my heaven; my all.

322 7s., 6 lines. MANT.
I will manifest myself to him.—John xiv. 21.

1 SON of God, to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most High,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

323 8.7. D. C. WESLEY.

The true light.—John i. 9.

1 LIGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath.
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favour
God hath to our ransomed race;
Come, Thou Advocate and Saviour,
Manifest Thy wondrous grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou Prince of peace and love;
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Raise our hearts to things above.
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
By the teaching of Thy Spirit
Guide us into perfect peace.

324 C.M. WATTS.

The Word was made flesh.—John i. 14.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of Thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by Thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But when Immanuel's face appears,
My hope, my joy begin:
His name forbids my slavish fears,
His grace removes my sin.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

325 L.M. ZINZENDORF.

The Lord our righteousness.—Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 JESUS, Thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully, by Thee, absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its lovely hue;
Its glory is for ever new.

5 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove;
Now let Thy word o'er all prevail,
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

6 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord, our Righteousness.

326 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Unto you that believe He is precious.
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

327 C.M. C. WESLEY.

Behold the Lamb of God.—John i. 36.

1 JESUS, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
And turns their hell to heaven.

2 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

3 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry—Behold the Lamb!

4 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but speak His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

328 C.M. NEWTON.

And thou shalt call His name Jesus.
Matt. i. 21.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast:
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my life, my way, mine end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought:

6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

329 C.M. BERNARD.

Thy name is as ointment poured forth.
Sol. Song, i. 3.

1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

330 C.M. C. WESLEY.

To Him that loved us be glory for ever.
Rev. i. 6.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved by faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

331 C.M. STEELE

The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.
Eph. iii. 19.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth, to bleed and die—
Was ever love like this?
4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee;
May every heart with rapture say,—
The Saviour died for me.
5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers learn Thy glorious name
And join the sacred song.

32 777,5. HEBER.

Jesus, have mercy on me.—Mark x. 47.

1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;
Jesus, hear and save!
2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
Jesus, hear and save!
3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Jesus, hear and save!
4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men;
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

33 S.M. G. SMITH.

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.
John xiv. 6.

1 THOU art, O Christ, the Way:
Thyself reveal to me;
And let me humbly, day by day,
Live, move, and walk in Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth divine:
Its fulness may I see;
Believe, and find the promise mine,—
The Truth shall make you free.

3 Thou art the Life of God;
By Thee the dying live:
In me diffuse Thyself abroad,
And life eternal give.

4 Thus, by Thyself, the Way,
I to the Father come;
Led by the Truth, I cannot stray;
The Life and I are one.

334 L.M. CENNI

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way.
John xiv. 6.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul; I am the way.

4 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me, guilty as I am:
My sinful self to Thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God!

35 8.7. D. BAKEWELL.

Christ our Passover.—1 Cor. v. 7.

1 HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail! Thou Galilean King;
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail! Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame,
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid:
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side;
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

336 S.M. C. WESLEY

I send an angel . . to keep thee.—Ex. xxiii. 20

1 THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransomed people lead.

2 Angel of gospel grace
Fulfil Thy character:
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.

3 Throughout the desert-way
Conduct us by Thy light;
Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.

4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessing from above;
And ever on Thy people rain
The manna of Thy love.

337 C.M. WATTS

Glory be unto the Lamb for ever.—Rev. v. 13

1 JESUS, with all Thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud Thy saving love,
And sing Thy bleeding heart.

2 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know His name,
Or saints to feel His grace.

338 664,6664.

Worthy is the Lamb.—Rev. v. 12.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth to heaven reply;
Praise ye His name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And praise Him evermore;
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load;
Praise ye His name:
Tell what His arm hath done,
What spoils from death He won;
Sing His great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb!

3 While they around the throne
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising His name;
We who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His high praise abroad;
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name:
In Him we will rejoice,
Making a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

5 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising His name;
To Him our tribute bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And, without ceasing, sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

6 Now let the hosts above,
In realms of endless love,
Praise His great name:
To Him ascribed be,
Honour and majesty,
Through all eternity;
Worthy the Lamb!

339 S.M. HAMMOND.

The song of Moses . . . and of the Lamb.
Rev. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear Him say,—
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

6 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim:
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

340 C.M. WATTS.

Worthy of more glory than Moses.
Heb. iii. 3.

1 HOW strong Thine arm is, Mighty God!
Who would not fear Thy name?
Jesus, how sweet Thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did;
Our Prophet and our King:
From bonds of hell He freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned;
But His own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to His flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place;
But Christ shall bring His followers home,
To see His Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

341 C.M. CENNICK.

A High Priest after the order of Melchisedec.
Heb. vi. 20.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O may we ever hear Thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

3 Jesus shall still be all our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Saviour's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favoured throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HIS INCARNATION AND ADVENT.

342 S. M. WATTS.

Unto you is born . . . a Saviour.—Luke ii. 11.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears;
The promise is fulfilled:
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears;
And Jesus is the child.

2 The everlasting God
Calls Him His only Son;
Puts in His hand the sovereign rod,
And gives Him David's throne.

3 A heavenly form descends,
The glorious news to bring;
And straight a flaming troop attends;
The shepherds heard them sing:—

4 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

5 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:—

6 Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.

343 87,87,47. MONTGOMERY.

Let all the angels of God worship Him.
Heb. i. 6.

1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal-star;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed, for guilt, to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

344 C.M. MEDLEY.

The heavenly host, praising God.-Luke ii. 13.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay,
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new;
'Twas more than heaven could hold:

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran:
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the celestial armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious, heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—
Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die.

7 Hail! Prince of Life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend;
Though earth and time and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

345 7s. C. WESLEY.

Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise;
Join the triumph of the skies:
With the angelic host proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time, behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

5 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

6 Lo! He lays His glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

7 Come, Desire of Nations, come;
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed;
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

8 Sing we, then, with angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

346 L.M. WATTS.

Thy seed, which is Christ.—Gal. iii. 16.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promised Seed;
Behold the great Messiah come;
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give Him the superior room.

2 Abraham, the saint, rejoiced of old
When visions of the Lord He saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to His name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions, in abundance, meet
To join their blessings on His head:
Jesus, we worship at Thy feet,
And nations own the promised Seed.

347 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

I bring you good tidings of great joy.
Luke ii. 10.

1 HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

HIS HUMAN LIFE AND EXAMPLE.

348 86,86,88. CONDER.

The disciple is not above his master.
Luke vi. 40.

1 AS much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had;
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Though plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son, and nature's Lord.

2 The manger was His infant-bed;
His home, the mountain-cave:
He had not where to lay His head;
He borrowed e'en His grave:
Earth yielded Him no resting-spot,—
Her Maker, but she knew Him not.

3 As much the world's good-will I share,
Its favour and applause,
As He whose blessed name I bear,—
Hated without a cause,
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified.

4 Why should I court my Master's foe?
Why should I fear its frown?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown?—
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

349 L.M. BOWRING.

Never man spake like this man.—John vii. 46.

1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers, to My Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;—
Yes! gracious Saviour, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, these tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

350 L.M. WATTS.

Many believed, when they saw the miracles.
John ii. 23.

1 BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive;
Behold! the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless His name.

2 Thus doth the Eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates His cause,
While He hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises! and appears a God;
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign
Which bear credentials so divine.

351 C.M. BRADLEY.

Thou Son of David, have mercy on us.
Matt. ix. 27.

1 JESUS, and didst Thou condescend,
When veiled in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst Thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me.

3 And didst Thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs Thy mercy more.

4 Didst Thou regard Thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord, O save my soul!
For Thou alone canst save.

352 C.M.

Being . . as a man, He humbled Himself.
Phil. ii. 8.

1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a Name is given,—
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven.

2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art Lord.

3 Jesus, who in the form of God
Didst equal honour claim,
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame;

4 O may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in Thee;
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

353 C.M. J. H. GURNEY

I have given you an example.—John xiii. 15

1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

354 C.M. KEBLE.

Made like unto His brethren.—Heb. ii. 17.

1 IN all things like Thy brethren Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
But how unlike to us, O Lord!—
Replies the voice within.

2 O Son of man, Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears;
Life's thankless toil, and scant repose;
Death's agonies and fears.

3 O Son of God, in glory raised,
Thou sittest on Thy throne :
Thence, by Thy pleadings and Thy grace,
Still succouring Thine own.

4 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge,
To Thee, O Christ, be given
To bind upon Thy crown, the names
Elect in earth and heaven.

355 L.M.

Made in the likeness of men.—Phil. ii. 7.

1 THOU Son of God, and Son of man,
Beloved, adored Immanuel !
Who didst, before all time began,
In glory with Thy Father dwell ;

2 We sing Thy love, who didst in time
For us humanity assume,
To answer for the sinner's crime,
To suffer in the sinner's room.

3 The ransomed church Thy glory sings ;
The hosts of heaven Thy will obey ;
And, Lord of lords, and King of kings,
We celebrate Thy blessed sway.

4 A servant's form Thou didst sustain,
And with delight the law obey ;
Thou didst endure amazing pain,
While all our sorrows on Thee lay.

5 Blest Saviour, we are wholly Thine,
So freely loved, so dearly bought ;
Our souls to Thee would we resign,
To Thee subject our every thought.

356 C.M. C. WESLEY.

Behold my servant.—Matt. xii. 18.

1 SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

2 Thy bright example I pursue,
To Thee in all things rise ;
Let all I think, or speak, or do,
Be one great sacrifice.

3 Care-less, through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free ;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with Thee.

4 As done for Thee, do Thou receive
Each humble work of mine ;
Worth to my meanest labour give,
By joining it to Thine.

357 L.M. CONDER.

That ye should follow His steps.
1 Peter ii. 21.

1 HOW shall I follow Him I serve ?
How shall I copy Him I love ?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above ?

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road ?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk, the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine ;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night :—

6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

7 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

358 L.M. WATTS.

Leaving us an example.—1 Pet. ii. 21.

1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer:
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

359 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.

2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above;
Stay my heart on Thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To Thy will,—Thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son

4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

HIS LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

360 C.M. WATTS.

Who remembered us in our low estate.
Ps. cxxxvi. 23.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

361 C.M. WATTS.

Christ hath redeemed us.—Gal. iii. 13.

1 WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood ;

2 Infinite pity touched the heart
Of the Eternal Son ;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left His Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapt His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To Thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign ;
Blest Jesus, take us for Thine own,
For we are doubly Thine.

6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak Thy deserved praise.

362

886,886. C. WESLEY.

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.
Gal. ii. 20.

1 O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart:
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

363

L.M., 6 lines. GERHARD.

The love of Christ constraineth us.
2 Cor. v. 14.

1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame:

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
All coldness from my heart remove,
May every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

364

8.7. D. C. WESLEY.

The love . . . which passeth knowledge.
Eph. iii. 19.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art:
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy precious love.

3 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

365 7s. LANGFORD.

Unto Him that loved us.—Rev. i. 5.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme:
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who His salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, who long, alas! have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Listen to redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppressed:
Welcome to His sacred rest:
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your tribute bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

366 L.M. MEDLEY.

Thou showest loving-kindness unto thousands. Jer. xxxii. 18.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has ever stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

5 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

367 7s. D. SIR R. GRANT.

By the things which He suffered.—Heb. v. 8.

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O! by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry;
Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

368 C.M. WATTS.

But was in all points tempted as we are.
Heb. iv. 15.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts He bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears;
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

369 L.M., 6 lines. SIR R. GRANT.

Able to succour them that are tempted.
Heb. ii. 18.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed;
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HIS PASSION AND DEATH.

370 L.M. WATTS.

Christ crucified.—1 Cor. i. 23.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of His hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

3 O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where Christ my Saviour loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would for ever speak His name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

371 L.M. WATTS.

The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Gal. vi. 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

372 8.7. BOWRING.

The cross of Christ.—Gal. vi. 12.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

373 87,87,88,77. HOMBERG.

A man of sorrows.—Isa. liii. 3.

1 MAN of sorrows, and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on Thee lay.

Had I seen Thee clothed in weakness,
Bearing our reproach with meekness,
To attend Thee day and night,
Would have been my heart's delight.

2 Tell me, little flock belovèd,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then movèd,
When ye felt His kind embrace?
O disciple! once more blessèd,
As a bosom friend caressèd,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find?

3 Oft to prayer, by night, retreated,
See Him from all search withdrawn;
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
Witnessed still the morning dawn.
There, where He made intercession,
I had poured forth my confession,
And where for my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

4 Should I thus to Thee have cleavèd,
'Midst Thy poverty and woes?
On Thee, as my Lord, believèd?
Or perhaps have joined Thy foes?
Ah! Thy mercy I had spurnèd;
But Thyself my heart has turnèd:
Now Thou knowest, beneath, above,
Nought compared with Thee I love.

374 7.6.D. GERHARD.

They platted a crown of thorns, and put it on His head.—Matt. xxvii. 29.

1 O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown

How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, Heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove;
O let me never, never
Abuse such dying love!

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show Thy cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For He who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

375

5.5.11,5.5.11. C. WESLEY.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Lam. i. 12.

1 ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing your Saviour should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what you have done,
His blood must atone;
The Father hath given for you His dear Son;
The Lord, in the day
Of His anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

3 He answered for all;
O come at His call,
And low at His feet in astonishment fall:
For you and for me
He prayed on the tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

4 O lift up your eyes,
'Tis finished! He cries;
Impassive, He suffers; immortal, He dies.
My pardon I claim;
A sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' great name.

376

68,64. ANCIENT HYMN.

Whom they slew and hanged on a tree.
Acts x. 39.

1 LO! on the inglorious tree
The Lord, the Lord of glory hangs;
Forsaken now is He,
And pierced with pangs.

2 A shameful death He dies,
Uplifted with transgressors twain;
A Lamb for sacrifice,
By sinners slain.

3 Full is His cup of woe;
In death His drooping head declines;
'Tis done! He cries; and now
His soul resigns.

4 O come, my soul, and gaze
On that great grief, that crown of thorn;
In deep and dread amaze
There look and mourn.

5 For thee He shed His blood,
Weep, till with woe thine eyes grow dim;
To that accursed wood
Thou hast nailed Him.

6 To Thee, the mighty Lord,
Who washed in blood our sins away,
Our boundless gratitude
Its thanks would pay.

377 S.M. DODDRIDGE.

I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men.
John xii. 32.

1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son, God's chief delight,
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us He bled,
For love of us He died:
'Twas love that bowed His fainting head,
And pierced His sacred side.

4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong attractive power,
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine
With cheerful ardour to confess
The energy divine.

6 In Thee our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy griefs alone,
But from Thy cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphal throne.

378 C.M. S. WESLEY, SEN.

He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.—Isa. liii. 4.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 My God! He cries. All nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil asunder breaks;
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid;
Receive My soul, He cries.
See where He bows His sacred head;—
He bows His head, and dies.

4 But soon He'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine.
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like Thine?

379 S.M. WATTS.

The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. liii. 6.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once His vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and His breath
Were taken both away,
Joined with the wicked in His death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise His head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed,
To recompense His pain.

380 L.M. WATTS.

Christ died . . . and rose again.
1 Cor. xv. 3, 4.

1 HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies:
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men.
But, lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The Prince of life forsakes the tomb;
Up to His Father's court He flies:
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

5 Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns:
Sing, how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

6 Say,—Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask of Death,—O, where's thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

381 C.M. WATTS.

It is finished.—John xix. 30.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquered when He fell:
'Tis finished! said His dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

2 'Tis finished! our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall His sovereign throne arise;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He passed to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at His Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell His hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5 The saints, from His propitious eye,
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of His frowns.

382 7s., 6 lines. MONTGOMERY.

A place called Gethsemane.—Matt. xxvi. 36.

1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see:
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away:
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
It is finished! hear Him cry:
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom:—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen;—He seeks the skies.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

383 7s. MONTGOMERY.

The place called Calvary.—Luke xxiii. 33.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

384 87,87,47. FRANCIS.

It is finished.—John xix. 30.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
It is finished!
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do those gracious words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finished!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the glorious theme,
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

HIS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

385 7s. C. WESLEY.

The first-fruits of them that slept.
1 Cor. xv. 20.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say:
Raise your songs and triumphs high:
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death, in vain, forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven:
Praise to Thee by both be given.
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail! the Resurrection, Thou!

386

6666,88. DODDRIDGE.

A vision of angels, which said that He was alive.—Luke xxiv. 23.

1 YES! the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised His conquering head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sank away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear.
Hark! as they soar on high
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day.

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported, cry,—
Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

5 All hail! triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with Thy blood:
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise,
With Thee we reign
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

387 S.M. KELLY.

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke xxiv. 34.

1 THE Lord is risen indeed:
And are the tidings true?
Yes! they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw Him living too.

2 The Lord is risen indeed:
Then Justice asks no more;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Who stood opposed before.

3 The Lord is risen indeed:
Then is His work performed;
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarmed.

4 The Lord is risen indeed:
Then hell has lost its prey;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

5 The Lord is risen indeed:
Attending angels hear,
And to the courts of heaven with speed
The joyful tidings bear.

6 While on their golden lyres
They strike each cheerful chord,
We join the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

388 7.8. C. F. GELLERT.

Why seek ye the living among the dead?
Luke xxiv. 5.

1 JESUS lives, no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us:
Jesus lives, and this we know,
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.

2 Jesus lives, henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal:
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives, for us He died;
Then alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives, our hearts know well;
Nought from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.

5 Jesus lives, to Him the throne
Far above all power is given;
We shall go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

389 C.M. GREGG.

Seen of angels.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Legions of angels, round His throne,
In countless armies shine;
At His right hand, with golden harps,
They offer songs divine.

3 Hail, Prince!—they cry,—for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above.

4 Through all His travels here below,
They did His steps attend;
Oft wondering how and where at last
The mystic scene would end.

5 They saw His heart, transfixed with wounds,
With love and grief run o'er:
They saw Him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

6 They brought His chariot from above,
To bear Him to His throne;
Spread their triumphant wings, and cried,—
The glorious work is done!

390 C.M. WATTS.

A Prince and a Saviour.—Acts v. 31.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That clothed Himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies;
With scars of honour in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills His glorious seat
On the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach His blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our Incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

391 L.M. WATTS.

He that descended is the same also that ascended.—Eph. iv. 10.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
Tell loud the wonders He hath done.

2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was His flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The almighty Captive prisoner lay;
The almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to His throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of His face.

5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, our God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

392 6666,88.

The power of His resurrection.—Phil. iii. 10.

1 ALL hail! triumphant Lord,
Who hast our ransom paid;
Wide be Thy name adored,
On Thee our help is laid:
To Thee all power in earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell, are given.

2 Jesus, the gift impart,
Thy risen power to know,
And teach each quickened heart
In Thy true love to glow.
Thou art the Life,—our sins forgive;
Speak Thou the word, and we shall live.

393 S.M. WATTS.

God hath highly exalted Him.—Phil. ii. 9.

1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the Man, we sing.

2 Down to the shades of death
He bowed His awful head;
Yet He arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

3 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at His name,
And all the heavens adore.

4 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays His vengeance by,
And smiles upon His Son.

5 There His full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless His saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

394 6666,88. C. WESLEY.

Who is the King of glory?—Ps. xxiv. 10.

1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The clarions of the sky
Proclaim the angelic joys.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,
For us He reigns above:
Let all the nations know
Our Jesus' conquering love.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

3 All power to our great Lord
Is by the Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in heaven:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on His holy seat,
He bears the righteous sway;
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,—
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

6 Till all the earth, renewed
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing;
Glory ascribe to glory's King.

HIS INTERCESSION AND REIGN.

395 C.M. WATTS.

Through Him we have access.—Eph. ii. 18.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Now we may bow before His feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards His seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King
That lays His vengeance by.

396

6666,88. CENNICK.

Christ being come, an High Priest.
Heb. ix. 11.

1 A GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace.
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 He once temptations knew,
And woes of every kind,
That He might succour show
To every tempted mind.
In every point the Lamb was tried
Like us, and then for us He died.

3 He dies, but lives again,
And by the altar stands;
There shows how He was slain,
Opening His pierced hands.
Our Priest abides, and pleads our cause,
Transgressors of His righteous laws.

4 I other priests disclaim,
Their laws and offerings too:
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do:
He shall have all the praise, for He
Hath loved and lived and died for me.

397 C.M. WATTS

He ever liveth to make intercession.
Heb. vii. 25.

1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polished gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt offerings brought,
To cleanse themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not their own,
Did they within the veil appear,
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows His own sacrifice.

7 He ever lives to intercede
Before His Father's face;
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

398 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

The High Priest of our profession.
Heb. iii. 1.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate His constant care,
And sympathising love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train
With matchless honours crowned;

3 The names of all His saints He bears
Deep graven on His heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are mouldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
May Thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

399 888,6.

An Advocate with the Father.—1 John ii. 1.

1 O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms infold,
And plead, O plead for me.

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say—Thou hast washed them all away;
O say,—Thou plead'st for me.

400

L.M. LOGAN.

A great High Priest, passed into the heavens.—Heb. iv. 14.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who, for men, their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan;—
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part:
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

401 C.M. WATTS.

A Priest upon His throne.—Zech. vi. 13.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, Thy Spirit and Thy word
Shall lead us in Thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up His blood,
And lives to carry on His love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King:
How sweet are His commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By His almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to His glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

402

L.M. WATTS.

To Him be glory and dominion for ever.
Rev. i. 6.

1 WHAT equal honour shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise and live and reign
At His Almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,
Though He was charged with madness here.

4 All riches are His native right,
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might,
Who left His weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

403

L.M. WATTS.

Blessed be the King that cometh.
Luke xix. 38.

1 JESUS, Thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as Thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee;
Like the blest hour when from above
We first received Thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay:
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 Let every moment as it flies,
Increase Thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing Thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

5 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day!
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all His Father's glories on.

404

C.M. ANCIENT HYMN.

Christ . . . over all, God blessed for ever.
Rom. ix. 5.

1 O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
Redemption's only spring;
Creator of the world art Thou,
Its Saviour and its King.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 O may Thy mighty love prevail,
Our sinful souls to spare;
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there.

5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,
Our future, great reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

405

C.M. BERNARD.

His name shall be called Wonderful.
Isa. ix. 6.

1 O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned:
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found,—

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire;—

4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee, may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee, may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

406

6666,88. C. WESLEY.

Zion, behold thy King cometh to thee.
Zech. ix. 9.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King:
Your Lord and King adore:
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail:
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; He bids His saints rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice.

407 L.M. CONDER.

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
Rev. xix. 6.

1 THE Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice.
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King; who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains:
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known:
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

6 O! when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

7 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

8 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

408 C.M. WATTS.

I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.—Luke x. 18.

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

2 Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail! Incarnate Love:
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown Thy head above.

3 Thy victories and Thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs Thou hast won.

409

6666,88. WATTS.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

Matt. xxi. 9.

1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood!
Behold He comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God:
Let old and young attend His way,
And at His feet their honours lay.

2 Glory to God on high!
Salvation to the Lamb!
Let earth and sea and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim:
Upon His head shall honours rest,
And every age pronounce Him blest.

410

C.M. KELLY.

If we suffer, we shall reign with Him.

2 Tim. ii. 12.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now:
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know:

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below;
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy, to know
The mystery of His love.

411 87,87,47. KELLY.

We see Jesus crowned with glory.—Heb. ii. 9.

1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight returned victorious:
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him:
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels! crown Him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him, crown Him:
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him.
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him, crown Him:
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him, crown Him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

412 6666,88. SCOTT.

He shall reign for ever and ever.
Rev. xi. 15.

1 ALL hail, Incarnate God!
The wondrous things foretold
Of Thee, in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold:
Still does Thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To Thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays;
To Thee the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days:
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to Thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That glorious, happy day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own Thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Eternal be Thy reign:
Behold! the nations sue
To wear Thy gentle chain:
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

413 S.M. BRIDGES.

On His head were many crowns.
Rev. xix. 12.

1 CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.

2 Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,—
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
One with the Father known;
And the blest Spirit through Him given,
Exalt Him to His throne.

5 All hail! Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

414

C.M. PERRONETT.

He is Lord of all.—Acts x. 36.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call:
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

415

L.M. WATTS.

He hath made us kings and priests unto God.—Rev. i. 6.

1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas He that cleansed us from our sins,
And washed us in His precious blood;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Then He displays His pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariot long delay.

HIS SECOND ADVENT, AND THE JUDGMENT.

416 87,87,887. HEBER.

The Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven.—Matt. xxiv. 30.

1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder;
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand, and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger;
For us, He bore the weight of woe,
For us, He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

417 L.M. HEBER.

When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven.—2 Thess. i. 7.

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came,—
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a glorious form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, once wont to stray,
A Pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene,—the Crucified?

5 While sinners, in despair, shall call,—
Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing,—The Lord is come!

418 87,87,47. OLIVERS.

Behold, He cometh with clouds.—Rev. i. 7.

1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Every eye shall then behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away:
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day:—
Come to judgment,
Come to judgment, come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make Thy righteous sentence known.
O come quickly,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

419

87,87,47. NEWTON.

The judgment of the great day.—Jude 6.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who long for His appearing,
Then shall say,—This God is mine!
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By His look prepare to flee;
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say,—Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know.

420 87,87,887. RINGWALD AND COLLYER.

And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it.—Rev. xx. 11.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

421 C.M. WATTS.

The judgment-seat of Christ.—Rom. xiv. 10.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the sound—Depart?

3 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love!

4 Jesus, to Thy kind arms I flee,
And hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

422

6666,88. C. WESLEY.

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.

Matt. xxv. 6.

1 YE virgin souls, arise;
With all the dead, awake;
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, He comes to call
The nations to His bar,
And raise to glory all
Who meet for glory are:
Made ready for your full reward;
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend:
Your Head to glorify,
With all His saints ascend:
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see without a veil His face.

4 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel-powers,
In glorious joy to live,
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

5 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound:
To see our Lord appear,
Watching, let us be found,
With lamps well trimmed; then joyful rise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

423

886,886.

The sheep on His right hand.

Matt. xxv. 33.

1 WHEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before Thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What! if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, it Saviour, by Thy grace ;
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day.
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear ;
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see Thy smiling face :
Then with what rapture shall I sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

424

886,886. C. WESLEY.

The Son of Man coming in the clouds.
Mark xiii. 26.

1 THOU God of glorious majesty !
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner, born to die.

2 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

GOD—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HIS OFFICE AND POWER.

425 L.M. WATTS.

The Spirit gave them utterance.—Acts ii. 4.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave,
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields and spears and swords.

3 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low.

4 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdued;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

5 Great King of grace, my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of His word.

426 C.M. HAWEIS.

The promise of the Father.—Acts i. 4.

1 ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give:
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.

4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace;
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face,

5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

427

S.M. MONTGOMERY.

They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.
Acts ii. 4.

1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray and praise and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide.
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

428

C.M. COTTERILL.

The Spirit of Christ.—1 Peter i. 11.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky;
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word.

2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies He His temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

429 C.M. C. WESLEY.

They spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 Pet. i. 21.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

430 C.M. WATTS.

The Spirit like a dove descending.
Mark i. 10.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

431 L.M. WATTS.

He shall teach you all things.—John xiv. 26.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace,
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

432 C.M. BATHURST.

The eternal Spirit.—Heb. ix. 14.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts Thy blessings shower;
Revive them with Thy breath.

2 'Tis Thine to point the heavenly way,
Each rising fear control,
And with a warm, enlivening ray
To melt the icy soul;

3 'Tis Thine to cheer us when distressed;
To raise us when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call;

4 'Tis Thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it in each heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

5 Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways:
Pour down Thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

433 L.M., 6 lines. CHARLEMAGNE.

Ye are sanctified...by the Spirit.
I Cor. vi. 11.

1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.

2 Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name:
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

434 C.M. MONTGOMERY.

The Spirit of God moved on...the waters.
Gen. i. 2.

1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed!
Creator Spirit! as of old,
Move on the formless void.

2 Give Thou the word; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife;
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew!

4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransomed raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came!

5 Lo! every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembled round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

435 S.M. HART.

The Spirit of wisdom and revelation.
Eph. i. 17.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life through every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

436 L.M. S. BROWNE.

Led by the Spirit of God.—Rom. viii. 14.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way:
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest:
Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there.

437 S.M.D. C. WESLEY.

The Spirit of Truth.—John xiv. 17.

1 SPIRIT of Truth, come down;
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Saviour known:
Apply His precious blood.
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord! my God!

3 O that the world might know
The sin-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of His name:
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

438 777,5.

He shall give you another Comforter.
John xiv. 16.

1 COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite;
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford:
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Orphans are our souls, and poor,
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

5 Gentle, awful, holy Guest
Make Thy temple in each breast—
Shrine of purity confessed;
Comforter Divine.

6 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

7 Dwell in us as in the Son,
With His Father ever one
In adoring union;
Comforter Divine.

8 In us, Abba, Father, cry;
Earnest of our bliss on high;
Seal of immortality;
Comforter Divine.

9 Search for us the depths of God;
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode;
Comforter Divine.

439

8.7. TOPLADY.

Ye are the temple of God.—1 Cor. iii. 16.

1 HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night.
Come, Thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light.

2 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all Thine influence prove;
Make our souls Thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

440

L.M. BATHURST.

He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.—John xvi. 14.

1 SPIRIT of life, Thine influence shed,
To wake the careless and the dead;
Light, strength, and comfort to bestow
On every child of sin and woe.

2 Behold our frail and feeble state;
Our foes are strong, our dangers great:
The force of hostile rage withstand,
And guard us with Thy mighty hand.

3 Give us an understanding mind;
The chains of ignorance unbind;
Instruct, enlighten, and prepare
Our hearts the joys of heaven to share.

4 Christ's precious truths to us proclaim;
Expound His word, exalt His name;
Make known His power, His love reveal,
And with His blood our conscience heal.

441 C.M. REED.

If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—Rom. viii. 9.

1 SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come—Great Spirit—come!

2 Come as the light—to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove—and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

6 Come as the wind—with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace;
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
O come—Great Spirit—come!

442

C.M. CONDER.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.
Matt. iii. 11.

1 O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might!
Baptize me with the vital flame
Of purity and light.

2 Spring up within this flinty heart,
Well-spring of life divine:
Health to my feeble pulse impart;
Light out of darkness shine.

3 O Light and Power! O Life and Love;
Of every good the source;
Send me sweet succour from above,
To speed me on my course.

4 Instruct me, rule me, guide my feet,
My every thought control:
My Teacher, Patron, Paraclete,
Possess and guard my soul.

5 Spirit of Christ, sent forth from Him,
Yet uncreate, Divine!
Thine are the songs of seraphim:
All human praise be Thine.

443

C.M. DODDRIDGE.

The Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the Word.—Acts x. 44.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold Thy servants wait!
With longing eyes and lifted hands,
We flock around Thy gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With speedy flight may He descend,
And solid comfort bring,
And o'er our languid souls extend
His all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven,
And bear with energy divine
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

5 Diffuse, O God, those copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change this barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

444 C.M. WATTS.

The Spirit itself beareth witness.
Rom. viii. 16.

1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come,
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

DOXOLOGIES.

445 C.M. ANCIENT HYMN, A.D. 128.

Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

1 TO God be glory, peace on earth,
To all mankind, good-will;
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,
And glorify Thee still:

2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,
That fills our souls with light;
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God
And Father of all might:—

3 And Thou begotten Son of God,
Before all time begun;
Thou Lord and God, Thou Lamb of God,
The Father's only Son.

4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins
Of all mankind away:
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
And hear us when we pray.

5 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,
Upon the Father's throne;
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,
The everlasting Son:—

6 Thou, Lord who, with the Holy Ghost
Whom heaven and earth adore,
In glory of the Father, art
Most high for evermore.

446 6666,88. WATTS.

There are three that bear record.

1 John v. 7.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores!

447 L.M.

The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost.

1 John v. 7.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

448 L.M. WATTS.

Our God is the God of salvation.
Ps. lxviii. 20.

1 BLEST be the Father and His love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,—
Pardon and life, for dying souls.

3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
Ocean of life and love unknown,
Unfathomed depths—without a shore.

449 67,67,6666. RINCKART.

Praise ye the name of the Lord. Ps. cxxxv. 1.

1 LET all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending;
On His most holy word,
Redeemed from woe, depending.
He gracious is and just,
From childhood us doth lead;
On Him we place our trust
And hope, in time of need.

2 Glory and praise to God,—
To Father, Son, be given,
And to the Holy Ghost,—
On high enthroned in Heaven.
Praise to the Triune God;
With powerful arm and strong,
He changeth night to day;
Praise Him with grateful song.

450 8.7.D. CONDER.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord.—Ps. cxlv. 21.

PRAISE the God of all creation:
Praise the Father's boundless love.
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation,
Priest and King enthroned above.
Praise the Fountain of salvation,—
Him by whom our spirits live:
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

451 7s., 6 lines. CONDER.

Glory be to Him..and to the Lamb. Rev. v. 13.

1 NOW with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn,—
Glory to the great I AM:
Glory to the Victim-Lamb.

2 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit, and the Word:
As it was all worlds before,
Is and shall be evermore.

452 S.M.

Salvation to our God and...the Lamb.
Rev. vii. 10.

1 WHILE all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high,
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.

2 Father! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of Thine eternal love.

3 Incarnate Deity!
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee,
For Thy redeeming grace.

4 Spirit of holiness!
Let all Thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

5 Eternal, glorious Lord!
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And celebrate Thy love.

453 6666,88. WATTS.

Salvation and glory unto the Lord our God.
Rev. xix. 1.

1 TO Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him that formed our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address the Spirit's name
With equal praise and zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus heaven shall raise His honours high,
When earth and time grow old and die.

454

7s. D. MONTGOMERY.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts.
Isa. vi. 3.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord
God of Hosts, when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness, at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good;
While they sang, with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy Three,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

3 Holy, holy, holy, all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing:
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King,
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell one hymn,
Round the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

455

11.12.12.10. HEBER.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.
Rev. iv. 8.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall rise to Thee.
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; [Thee,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide Thee, [not see;
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

456

C.M. TATE AND BRADY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

457 L.M. WATTS.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

458 L.M. KEN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

INSPIRATION, AUTHORITY, AND EXCELLENCE.

459 L.M. CONDER.

God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit.
1 Cor. ii. 10.

1 O GOD, who didst Thy will unfold
In wondrous modes to saints of old,
By dream, by oracle, or seer:
Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?

2 What though no answering voice is heard;
Thine oracles, the written word,
Counsel and guidance still impart,
Responsive to the upright heart.

3 What though no more by dreams is shown
That future things to God are known;
Enough the promises reveal:
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,
To show that prayers accepted rise ;
Our Priest is in the holy place,
And answers from the throne of grace.

5 No need of prophets to inquire :
The sun is risen ; the stars retire.
The Comforter is come, and sheds
His holy unction on our heads.

6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire :
Answer our sacrifice by fire ;
And by Thy mighty acts declare,
Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

460 L.M. WATTS.

God spake in time past unto the fathers.
Heb. i. 1.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent His own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that true record :
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by this sure conveyance given.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here exprest,
Able to make us wise and blest;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye British isles, who read His love
In sacred records from above,
O send abroad His saving word,
Till every land shall praise the Lord.

461

L.M. WATTS.

All Scripture is given by...God.
2 Tim. iii. 16.

1 'TWAS by commission from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke His word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds His breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of Thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read His name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind,
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is Thy word, and must endure.

462

L.M. WATTS.

A more sure word of prophecy.—2 Pet. i. 19.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

463 L.M. WATTS.

The witness in himself.—1 John v. 10.

1 QUESTIONS and doubts he heard no more,
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;
His Spirit seals His gospel sure
To every soul that trusts in Him.

2 Jesus, Thy witness speaks within;
The mercy, which Thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.

3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow, and own Thy doctrine true.

4 The guilty soul that trusts Thy blood
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The sinful soul, averse from God,
Believes and loves His Maker's laws.

5 Learning and wit may cease their strife,
When miracles with glory shine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty and divine.

464 7s. BURTON.

The Holy Scriptures.—2 Tim. iii. 15.

1 HOLY Bible, book Divine;
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am.

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine to judge, condemn, acquit.

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death.

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

465 C.M. WATTS.

Thou hast magnified Thy word.
Ps. cxxxviii. 2.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid:
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfied;
And hence my hopes arise.

3 Lord, make me understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

4 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

5 Then let me love the Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

466

C.M. FAWCETT.

Thy word is a light unto my path.
Ps. cxix. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose ever-cheering ray
Grows brightest at the last.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

467

C.M. WATTS.

Thy word was the joy of my heart.
Jer. xv. 16.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to Thee, my Lord;
For not a glimpse of hope appears
But in Thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In almost every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 O may Thy counsels, Mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to Thy right hand.

468 C.M. B. BARTON.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.
Ps. cxix. 105.

1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream, from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook, by the traveller's way:

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day:
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

4 Word of the Everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son,
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won!

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

469

C.M. C. WESLEY.

Wondrous things out of thy law.
Ps. cxix. 18.

1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live and move and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer Thy sons beneath.

2 While in Thy word we search for Thee,—
We search with trembling awe—
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of Thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
Thelight that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

470

S.M. WATTS.

Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.
John i. 17.

1 THE Lord declares His will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out His fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals His face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of His grace,
The epistles of His love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of His melting heart,
And vengeance of His hands.

4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.

5 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust His promises.

6 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

471 L.M. WATTS.

Not under the law, but under grace.
Rom. vi. 14.

1 THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do His will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

472 S.M. WATTS.

Refuse not Him that speaketh.—Heb. xii. 25.

1 THE law by Moses came;
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to His new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all His Father's house He stands
The Sovereign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought;
Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault!

5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist His grace.

473 C.M. WATTS.

The glorious gospel of the blessed God.
1 Tim. i. 11.

1 THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites His children near;
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here in the gospel's wondrous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
Thousands of angels learn Thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And Thine avenging justice shows
Its honours in His blood.

5 But still the lustre of Thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

474 C.M. COWPER.

The entrance of Thy word giveth light.
Ps. cxix. 130.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

MAN.

HIS FALLEN CONDITION.

475 L.M. WATTS.

The first Adam . . . the last Adam.
1 Cor. xv. 45.

1 DEEP in the dust before Thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own the unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame.

2 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of Thy law,
We sing the honours of Thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.

3 We sing Thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to His own:
Adam the second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our Righteousness.

476 C.M. WATTS.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity.—Ps. li. 5.

1 BACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 From all that's good averse, and blind,
And prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Yet, Mighty God, Thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

4 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
Hosanna to that sovereign power
That new-creates our dust.

477 C.M. WATTS.

In Me is thy help.—Hos. xiii. 9.

1 HOW is our nature spoiled by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

2 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Lord Jesus, nothing but Thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

3 The threatenings of Thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
If God His sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.

4 But Thy sufficient sacrifice
Hath answered these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Came down by Jesus' hands.

5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets, in their visions, see
Salvation through His name.

6 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on Thy cross we rest;
For ever be Thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest.

478 C.M. WATTS.

By nature the children of wrath.—Eph. ii. 3.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,—
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord:
O help my unbelief!

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.

479 L.M. WATTS.

He brought them out of darkness.
Ps. cvii. 14.

1 BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light!
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears
Till His atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing,—The Lord our Righteousness.

3 Our very frame is mixed with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our Mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

480 S.M. WATTS.

Darkness hath blinded his eyes.
1 John ii. 11.

1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

481 L.M. WATTS.

What must I do to be saved?—Acts xvi. 30.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven?
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings His gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

HIS MORTALITY.

482 L.M. STEELE.

Lord, make me to know how frail I am.
Ps. xxxix. 4.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show;
Vain are the cares which rack his mind:
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe;
He dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And, fix my hopes on Thee alone.

483 C.M. WATTS.

All flesh is as grass.—1 Pet i. 24.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
Then fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,—
The God in whom we trust;
Salvation to the Almighty name,
That reared us from the dust!

484 C.M. WATTS.

Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—Prov. xxvii. 1.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name!
And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame!
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things;
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath,
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road,
That when our souls are summoned hence
They may be found with God.

485 C.M. WATTS.

What is your life? It is even a vapour.
Jas. iv. 14.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

3 Yet, Mighty God, our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of Thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.

4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed by love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.

5 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be His Name adored!

6 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
Till time with nature dies.

486 C.M. WATTS.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.
Ps. xc. 9.

1 HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on;
And ever hastening to the tomb
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

487 S.M. C. WESLEY.

Man giveth up the ghost and where is he?
Job. xiv. 10.

1 AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

3 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the lost cast out?
Or numbered with the blest?

5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst Thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery:

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when Thou comest on Thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

7 Thou art Thyself the Way;
Thyself in me reveal:
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will:

8 So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HIS PROBATION.

488 C.M. WATTS.

So teach us to number our days.—Ps. xc. 12.

1 AND is this life prolonged to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me, then, prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept Thine offered grace,
I bow before Thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin,
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of Thy praise,
And spread the savour of Thy name
Where'er I spend my days.

6 On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

489 L.M. WATTS.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Eccles. ix. 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

5 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

490

7s. DYER.

The night cometh, when no man can work.
John ix. 4.

1 TIME is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

2 Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more.
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 God is earnest: kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He set His judgment throne;
Ere the day of grace be gone.

4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come;
Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn Thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

5 O be earnest, do not stay;
Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

491 L.M. WATTS.

Escape for thy life.—Gen. xix. 17.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die,
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of His dying pains,—
For ever telling, yet untold.

492 L.M. SCOTT.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.
Prov. xxvii. 1.

1 HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer, wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this evening's stage be run.

3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn,
O rouse him from his senseless state;
Nor let him Thy salvation spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

493 S.M. DODDRIDGE.

Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.—Jas. iv. 14.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine Almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

494 6.4. HASTINGS.

To-day, if ye will hear His voice.—Heb. iv. 7.

1 TO-DAY, the Saviour calls
You, wanderers, home;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day, the Saviour calls;
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day, the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly:
The storm of vengeance falls,
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

495 S.M.

Now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 NOW is the accepted time;
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow, it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time;
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in His word
Declares,—There yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant hearts
To seek the Saviour's love,
Then shall attendant angels bear
The joyful news above.

THE GOSPEL.

STATEMENTS AND INVITATIONS.

496 L.M. WATTS.

The gospel...is the power of God unto salvation.—Rom. i. 16.

1 THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What His almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruined creature, man.

3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice and live;
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

4 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.

5 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too:
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

497 L.M. WATTS.

God sent not His Son...to condemn.
John iii. 17.

1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in His hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent His Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in His mighty name and live;
A thousand joys His lips afford,
His hand a thousand blessings give.

498 C.M. WATTS.

The Son of man is not come to destroy.
Luke ix. 56.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men;
The Father sent His equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, O Jesus, were not armed
With an avenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept Thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

499 S.M. WATTS.

How beautiful...the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.—Isa. lii. 7.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
Zion, behold thy Saviour-King:
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound!
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

500 C.M. WATTS.

The grace of God that bringeth salvation. Tit. ii. 11.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound;
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

501 C.M. WATTS.

We preach Christ crucified.—1 Cor. i. 23.

1 CHRIST and His cross is all our theme ;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word :
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of His name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse His graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

502 S.M. BEDDOME.

He beheld the city, and wept over it.
Luke xix. 41.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep:
Each sin demands a tear.
In heaven alone no sin is found,
No weeping shall be there.

4 Then tender be our hearts,
Our eyes with sorrow dim,
Till every tear from every eye
Is wiped away by Him.

503

L.M., 6 lines. C. WESLEY.

Not willing that any should perish.
2 Pet. iii. 9.

1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
Sinners, He prays for you and me,—
Forgive them, Father, O forgive:
They know not that by Me they live!

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 O let Thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

504 7s., 6 lines.

The gospel of peace.—Rom. x. 15.

1 YE that in these courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost, and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View His bleeding sacrifice;
See through Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

505 C.M. MEDLEY.

I will in no wise cast out.—John vi. 37.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 Whoever will,—O gracious word,
May of this stream partake;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink for Jesus' sake.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

506

7s., 6 lines. HAWEIS.

Let him come unto me.—John vii. 37.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!—
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne:
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On My pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day;
Up to My eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

507

L.M. WATTS.

Come unto me, all ye that labour.
Matt. xi. 28.

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to My heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of Me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like a sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light:

4 Jesus, we come at Thy command;
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to Thy hand
To mould and guide us at Thy will.

508 7.6.D. CONDER.

I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

1 O! COMFORT to the dreary;
O! joy to the oppressed;—
Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.
O come in all your weakness,
Ye sons of guilt and woe;
And learn of Him with meekness,
Who stooped for us so low.

2 Ye slaves of servile error,
Wearied with fruitless pains,
Whose faith is doubt and terror,
Believe, and lose your chains.
Renounce the superstition
To Christ's light yoke preferred;
And turn from vain tradition
To His redeeming word.

3 Ye who the world have courted,
And suffered from its spite;
Ye who with sin have sported,
And felt its serpent-bite;

Come learn, your follies quitting,
That this world's gain is loss;
To His mild rule submitting,
Who bare for you the cross.

4 O come, and make the trial;
His service is release;
If hard the self-denial,
Its fruit is joy and peace.
His grace, your souls defending,
Shall nerve you for the strife:
Peace all your steps attending;
The prize, immortal life.

509 L.M. GREGG.

I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. iii. 20.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need:
The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
Lest He depart, and ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door, denied you'll stand!

5 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

6 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase:
Throw wide the door each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

510 87,87,77. MONTGOMERY.

A fountain opened...for sin.—Zech. xiii. 1.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness;
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more:

4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood,
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

511 87,87,47. HART.

I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—Matt. ix. 13.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power.
He is able;
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies;—
It is finished!
Finished, the Great sacrifice.

6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood.
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

512

7s. CONDER.

Come, for all things are now ready.
Luke xiv. 17.

1 WELCOME, welcome! Sinner, hear;
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call;
Mercy is proclaimed to all.

2 Welcome to the offered peace:
Welcome, prisoner, to release:
Burst thy bonds: be saved; be free;
Rise and come; He calleth thee.

3 Welcome, weeping penitent,
Grace has made thy heart relent;
Welcome, long-estranged child:
God in Christ is reconciled.

4 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.

5 All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest.
All is ready; hear the call,
There is ample room for all.

6 None can come that shall not find,
Mercy called whom grace inclined;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, Depart!

7 O the virtue of that price,
That redeeming sacrifice!
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
Welcome to the sacred fold.

513

6666,88. BODEN.

Yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor and blind and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is His name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near:
Christ calls you from above,
His loving accents hear:
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

514 7.6.D., Peculiar. HASTINGS.

Flee from the wrath to come.—Matt. iii. 7.

1 DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining,
Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with consternation?
Jesus lives,—in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

2 Worthless all your righteousness;
You the law have broken;
Flee, then, to His sovereign grace,
Mercy thus hath spoken.
Why, in deeds that you have done,
Seek for consolation?
Jesus lives,—in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

3 Prostrate bow, confess your guilt,
Own your lost condition;
Yield to Him, whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission:
Then no more in anguish groan;
Seek His mediation;
Jesus lives,—in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

4 Linger not on all the plain,
Vengeance is pursuing;
Midst the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin:
Flee to Him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation;
Jesus lives,—in Him alone
Can you find salvation.

515 S.M. WATTS.

Look unto me, and be ye saved.
Isa. xlv. 22.

1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from His throne :—
Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

2 Ye dying souls, that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To My recovering grace.

3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own—
Our righteousness and strength are found
In Thee, the Lord, alone.

4 In Thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven ;
God will pronounce the sinner just,
And take the saint to heaven.

516 C.M. WATTS.

All things are ready, Come.—Matt. xxii. 4.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind ;

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Great God! the treasures of Thy love
Are everlasting mines;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

517

L.M. J. WESLEY.

Ho! every one that thirsteth, come.
Isa. lv. 1.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
Thus God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find My grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

518 C.M. STEELE.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.—John vii. 37.

1 THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound.
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

519 S.M.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. Rev. xxii. 17.

1 THE Spirit to our hearts
Is whispering,—Sinner, come;
The Bride, the Church of Christ proclaims
To all His children,—Come.

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him,—Come;
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes! whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares,—I quickly come;
Lord, even so! I wait Thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

520 L.M. COLLYER.

Return unto me.—Isa. xliv. 22.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh;
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn,
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says—No longer mourn;
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

521 C.M. HASTINGS.

Let him return unto the Lord.—Isa. lv. 7.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam,
In guilt and misery. [Return, return.]

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come :
O now for refuge flee. [Return, return.]

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay ;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day. [Return, return.]

522 C.M. C. WESLEY.

Turn Thou us unto Thee.—Lam. v. 21.

1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And bids the sleeper rise ;
And make each guilty conscience dread,
The death that never dies.

3 Convince us of our unbelief,
Our ruined state explain ;
Fill every heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

4 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn :
Might turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.

5 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day :
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

ITS COMMENCEMENT.

REPENTANCE.

523 C.M. WATTS.

I was alive without the law once.
Rom. vii. 9.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread;
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Was Thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again,
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the power of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

524

S.M. WATTS.

Israel doth not know: my people doth not consider.—Isa. i. 3.

1 IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us He bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us, Mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh:
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

5 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

525

S.M. BRONTË.

I am oppressed; undertake for me.
Isa. xxxviii. 14.

1 OPPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

2 With this polluted heart
I dare to come to Thee,—
Holy and mighty as Thou art,—
For Thou wilt pardon me.

3 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes;
I need not yield to care;
I need not sink beneath my woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

5 In my Redeemer's name,
I give myself to Thee;
And, all unworthy as I am,
My God will welcome me.

526 L.M. TOPLADY.

Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.
Psa. li. 11.

1 BOWED with a sense of sin, I faint
Beneath the complicated load;
Father, attend my deep complaint,—
I am Thy creature, Thou my God.

2 Though I have broke Thy righteous law,
Yet with me let Thy Spirit stay;
Thyself from me do not withdraw,
Nor take my spark of hope away.

3 Mercy unlimited is Thine;
God of the penitent Thou art;
The saving power of blood divine
Shall ease the anguish of my heart.

4 Then let not sin my ruin be,
Give me in Thee my rest to find:
Jesus, the sick have need of Thee,—
Thou great Physician of mankind.

5 In my salvation, Lord, display
The triumphs of abounding grace;
Tell me my guilt is done away,
And turn my mourning into praise.

6 Then shall I add my feeble song
To theirs who chant Thy praise on high,
And spread with an immortal tongue
Thy glory through the echoing sky.

527

C.M. STENNETT.

She stood at His feet...weeping.
Luke vii. 38.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at Thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not Justice frown me hence,
Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow:

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which Thou hast shed;
No blood, but Thou hast spilt.

5 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

528 7s. D. C. WESLEY.

How shall I give thee up?—Hos. xi. 8.

1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 Kindled His relentings are;
Me He still delights to spare;
Cries,—How shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands.
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus pleads, and loves me still.

3 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all Thy nature love?
Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
If I rightly read Thy heart,
If Thou all compassion art,
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.

4 Pity from Thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now, the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Now, my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

529 C.M. MONTGOMERY.

Peter cried, Lord, save me.—Matt. xiv. 30.

1 MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry.
Jesus! Redeemer! show Thy face
In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me, for none beside can save.
At Thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave;—
The wave goes o'er my head.

3 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt Thou leave me?—No!
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let Thee go.

4 Still sure to me Thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on Thy hands,
And graven in Thy side.

5 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;
That word is truth, and I believe:—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.

530 L.M. ELVEN.

Be merciful to me, O God.—Psa. vi. 1.

1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,
O God, be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea,
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee,
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

531 C.M. RAFFLES.

God be merciful to me a sinner.
Luke xviii. 13.

1 LORD, like the publican, I stand,
And lift my heart to Thee ;
Thy pardoning grace, O God, command ;
Be merciful to me.

2 I smite upon my anxious breast,
O'erwhelmed with agony ;
O save my soul by sin oppressed ;
Be merciful to me.

3 My guilt, my shame I all confess,
I have no hope nor plea
But Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
Be merciful to me.

4 The chief of sinners though I am,
And vile beyond degree,
To die for me Immanuel came ;
Be merciful to me.

5 Here at Thy cross I still would wait,
Nor from its shelter flee,
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,
Art merciful to me.

532 C.M. COWPER.

I am the Lord that healeth thee.—Ex.xv.26.

1 HEAL us, Immanuel, we are here,
Waiting to feel Thy touch;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess:
We faintly trust Thy word;
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:—
Lord, I believe, with tears he cried,—
O help my unbelief.

4 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered,—Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee, if we may;
O send us not despairing home;
Send none unhealed away.

533 7.7.7.5. MRS. MORRIS.

When Thou hearest, forgive.
1 Kings viii. 30.

1 GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:
Hear, forgive and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive and save.

534 C.M. S. BROWNE.

Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.
Luke xvii. 13.

1 LORD, at Thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 On us, the vast extent display
Of Thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away;
This heavy load remove.

3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore;
We would Thy pity move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou thyself art Love.

4 O! for Thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our numerous sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
Our breaking hearts relieve.

5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And Thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival dare pretend
To repossess Thy throne.

535 7s. CONDER.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive.
Matt. vi. 12.

1 FATHER, to Thy sinful child
Though Thy law is reconciled,
By Thy pardoning grace I live;
Daily still I cry,—Forgive.

2 Though my ransom-price He paid,
Upon whom my guilt was laid,
Humbly at Thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.

3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay;
Duties I have left undone;
Evils I have failed to shun;

4 Trespasses in word or thought;
Deeds from evil motive wrought;
Cold ingratitude, distrust;
Thoughts unhallowed and unjust.

5 Gracious Lord, and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

6 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

536 L.M. WATTS.

I dwell with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.—Isa. lvii. 15.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,—
I sit upon My holy throne ;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in Mine own eternity.

2 But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of My delight.

3 The humble soul My words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live,
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

4 O may Thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die ;
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of Thy chastening love.

537 C.M. COWPER.

I have...heard Ephraim bemoaning.
Jer. xxxi. 18.

1 DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

3 O cleanse me in the Saviour's blood;
Transform me by Thy power;
And make me Thy beloved abode,
And let me roam no more.

538 C.M. WATTS.

According to His mercy He saved us.
Titus iii. 5.

1 LORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through His Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

539 S.M. BEDDOME.

Faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ.

Acts xx. 21.

1 FAITH! 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns a King,
An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 On Him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness.

4 All through the wilderness
It is our strength and stay:
Nor can we miss the heavenly road,
While faith directs our way.

5 Since 'tis Thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the Spirit of Thy Son
To work that faith in me.

540 L.M. C. WESLEY.

The Author and Finisher of our faith.

Heb. xii. 2.

1 AUTHOR of faith, Eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same,

2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 To him that in Thy name believes,
Eternal life is freely given;
Of Thy rich grace he all receives,—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

5 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

541 C.M. WATTS.

Faith without works is dead.—Jas. ii. 26.

1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast,
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the Living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust His grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For His own holiness.

542 C.M. WATTS.

By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified.—Rom. iii. 20.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
Without a murmuring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace!
When in Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

543 L.M. WATTS.

The righteousness which is of God by faith. Phil. iii. 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

544

664,6664. RAY PALMER.

I live by the faith of the Son of God.
Gal. ii. 20.

1 MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour Divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

545

C.M. WATTS.

So must the Son of man be lifted up.
John iii. 14.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 Look upward in the dying hour,
And live,—the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens He reigns;
Here sinners by the old serpent stung
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

546

S.M. WATTS.

It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins.—Heb. x. 4.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain:

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

547

888,6. ELLIOTT.

Come unto me.—Matt. xi. 28.

1 JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

548

C.M. COWPER.

A fountain opened . . . for sin and uncleanness.—Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till the whole ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die:

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

549 7s., 6 lines. TOPLADY.

That rock was Christ.—1 Cor. x. 4.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands.
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace:
Vile, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

550 7s. D. C. WESLEY.

Who have fled for refuge.—Heb. vi. 18.

1 JESUS, Refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and Holy is Thy name:
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found;
Grace to cover all my sin.
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

551

8.7. D. TURNER.

Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy.
Mark x. 47.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear a humble sinner's cry:
Let me see Thy great salvation,
Or in dark despair I die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief;
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief.

2 Whither should my soul be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives?
Whither from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?
Hear then, Gracious Saviour, hear me,
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in Thee I put my trust.

3 On the word Thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all.
Let Thine arm be now revealed:
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall:
With Thy righteousness and Spirit,
I am more than angels blest:
Heir with Thee, all things inherit,—
Peace and joy and endless rest.

552 L.M., 6 lines.

Thou hast the words of eternal life.
John vi. 68.

TO Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, to Thee,
For pardon, peace, and life we flee;
The shelter of Thy cross we claim;
Thy righteousness alone we name.
Low at Thy feet we, suppliant, fall,
Our Lord, our Life, our All in all.

REGENERATION AND ADOPTION.

553 C.M. WATTS.

So is every one . . . born of the Spirit.
John iii. 8.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

554 C.M. WATTS.

A new creature.—2 Cor. v. 17.

1 MIGHTY Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin:
O make my soul alive to Thee,
Create new powers within.

2 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin and earth and hell,
In the new world that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

555 L.M. WATTS.

Joy . . . over one sinner that repenteth.
Luke xv. 7.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

556 S.M. WATTS.

Now are we the sons of God.—1 John iii. 2.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them—sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King—
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And Thou the kindred own.

557 7s., 6 lines. HAMMOND.

Called the sons of God.—1 John iii. 1.

1 BLESSED are the sons of God;
They are bought with Christ's own blood;
They are ransomed from the grave;
Life eternal they shall have.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

3 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness.
Born of God, they hate all sin;
God's pure word remains within.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

4 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood:
One with God, in Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them numbered may we be,
Now and through eternity.

558 C.M. JUDSON.

Our Father, which art in heaven.
Matt. vi. 9.

1 OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be Thy name!
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done,
In earth and heaven the same.

2 Give us, this day, our daily bread;
And, as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not:
From evil set us free;
The kingdom, power, and glory, Lord,
Ever belong to Thee.

559

7s. CONDER.

Hallowed be Thy name.—Matt. vi. 9.

1 HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame;
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

2 Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art:
From Thy hand our spirits came:
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known:
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim:
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

4 Born anew, O may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame:
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:
Father! hallowed be Thy name.

560 C.M. STEELE.

Doubtless Thou art our Father.
Isa. lxiii. 16.

1 MY God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly.
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good and just and wise:
O bend my will to Thine.

4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

6 My God, my Father, be Thy name
My solace and my stay.
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away?

561 L.M., 6 lines. TERSTEEGEN.

The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God.—2 Thess. iii. 5.

1 THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

4 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry!

PERSONAL DEDICATION.

562 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

We live unto the Lord.—Rom. xiv. 8.

1 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad:

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

563 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

They first gave their ownselves to the Lord.
2 Cor. viii. 5.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love:
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

564 S.M. C. WESLEY.

Yield yourselves unto God.—Rom. vi. 13.

1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thine own:
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

565 L.M. WATTS.

Come out from among them.—2 Cor. vi. 17.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from beneath the throne of God,
Rivers of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

566 S.M.D. C. WESLEY.

Glorify God.—1 Cor. vi. 20.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

567 C.M. C. WESLEY.

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither death nor life can part
From Him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure and good;
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, Gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above:
Write Thy new name upon my heart,—
Thy new best name of Love.

568

S.M. C. WESLEY.

Unite my heart to fear Thy name.
Ps. lxxxvi. 11.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest prayer.

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew:

3 Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:

4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name:

5 A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

6 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee.

569

C.M. WATTS.

Thine own have we given Thee.
1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 HOW can I sink, with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am and all I have
Shall be for ever Thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give Him all.

570

L.M. C. WESLEY.

The fire shall ever be burning.—Lev. vi. 13.

1 O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling, to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

571

7s., 6 lines. CONDER.

To me to live is Christ.—Phil. i. 21.

1 GRANT me, Heavenly Lord, to feel
In Thy cause a servant's zeal:
More than all to self most near,
May I hold Thine honour dear;
Willing to forego my pride,
So my Lord be glorified.

2 In the conquests of Thy might,
May I loyally delight:
In Thine ever-spreading reign,
Triumph as my greatest gain.
Make me conscious, by this sign,
Saviour, Sovereign, I am Thine.

572

7s. GERHARD.

Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?
Acts ix. 6.

1 HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,—
As Thou art, so let us be.

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in Thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean:
Cleanse me, Lord, from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind;
To Thy cross my spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, Thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

5 Jesus, when Thy light we see,
All our soul's athirst for Thee:
When Thy quickening power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.

6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are Thine:
Praise by all to Christ be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

573 S.M. DODDRIDGE.

He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.
1 Cor. vi. 17.

1 MY Saviour, I am Thine,
By everlasting bands:
My name, my heart, I would resign:
My soul is in Thy hands.

2 To Thee I still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal:
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,
They never shall prevail.

3 His Spirit shall unite
My soul to Him, my Head:
Shall form me to His image bright,
And teach His path to tread.

4 Death may my soul divide
From this abode of clay;
But love shall keep me near His side,
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
What should remain to fear?
If He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He'll fix His members there.

574 C.M. BONAR.

By the grace of God I am what I am.
1 Cor. xv. 10.

1 ALL that I was, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all mine own;
All that I am I owe to Thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former night,
The bondage—all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty—is Thine.

4 The grace that made me feel my sin,
Bade me in Christ believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now in Christ I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

575 7s., 6 lines. M'CHEYNE.

How much owest thou unto my Lord?
Luke xvi. 5.

1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon radiant sun,
When I stand with Christ on high,
Looking o'er life's history,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not mine own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

3 Now on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet,
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of the debt I owe.

576 C.M. WATTS.

He died for all; that they should live unto Him.—2 Cor. v. 15.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the Mighty Saviour, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

DUTIES OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HOLINESS.

577 C.M. WATTS.

Sanctified . . . by the Spirit of our God.
1 Cor. vi. 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
We're pardoned through His name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering power
To keep Thy just commands;
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

578 S.M. WATTS.

Dead to sin.—Rom. vi. 2.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because Thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all His wounds?

2 Forbid it, Mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free;
Has nailed our tyrants to His cross,
And bought our liberty.

579 L.M. WATTS.

Live . . . godly in this present world.
Titus ii. 12.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearing of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on His word.

580 C.M. WATTS.

Enter ye in at the strait gate.—Matt. vii. 13.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;
There are but few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, and never faint.

5 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

581 7s. MADAN.

The fruit of the Spirit is meekness.
Gal. v. 22, 23.

1 LORD, if Thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on Thee ;
Every evil let me flee :
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Christ combined :
Him let Israel still adore ;
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

LOVE.

582 L.M. WATTS.

The royal law.—Jas. ii. 8.

1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of Thine ;—
To do to all men just the same
As we from them expect or claim.

2 How blest would every nation be
Thus ruled by love and equity ;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 Forgive us, Lord, that we so ill
Thy sacred law of love fulfil ;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But Thy blest maxims, be our guide.

583 L.M. WATTS.

The greatest of these is charity.
1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To comfort and to feed the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

584 C.M. SWAIN.

Charity . . . is kind.—1 Cor. xiii. 4.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word:

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:

4 When love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flows:
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows!

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

585 L.M. WATTS.

Let us love one another.—1 John iv. 7.

1 LET bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints,—the sons of peace;
Clamour and wrath and war begone;
Envy and spite for ever cease.

2 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve His love
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ, His Son.

586 C.M. WATTS.

Charity never faileth.—1 Cor. xiii. 8.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

587

C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Thou knowest that I love Thee.
John xxi. 16.

1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cherished idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute Thy sacred will,
And make Thy glory known?

6 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

588 7s. COWPER.

Lovest thou me?—John xxi. 15.

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord:
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My reign shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore:
O for grace to love Thee more.

CONTENTMENT.

589 7s., 6 lines. NEWTON.

Be in subjection to the Father of spirits.
Heb. xii. 9.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart:
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a weaned child:

From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise;
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

590 C.M., 6 lines. WARING.

Your Father knoweth what ye have need of.
Matt. vi. 8.

1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see;
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 Briers beset our every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
A constant need for prayer:
But lowly hearts that lean on Thee
Are happy everywhere.

7 In service which Thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free:
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

591

7s. CONDER.

Give us day by day our daily bread.
Luke xi. 3.

1 DAY by day the manna fell;
O! to learn this lesson well:
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day, the promise reads:
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to Thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not mine own—my Father's will.

5 Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot.
Anxious, busy cares, away!
I'm provided for to-day.

6 O! to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

592 L.M. C. WESLEY.

I have all and abound.—Phil. iv. 18.

1 HOW do Thy mercies close me round!
For ever be Thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led:
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay His Head.

3 But lo! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep:
Yea, He Himself becomes my Guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in Thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

6 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time and in eternity:
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.

593

886,886. KEBLE.

Casting all your care upon Him.
1 Pet. v. 7.

1 O LORD, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our care on Thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel, at heart, that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best:

2 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God;
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

3 How far from this, our daily life!
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms:
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!

594 C.M. R. BAXTER.

Yet what I shall choose I wot not.—Phil. i. 22.

1 LORD, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long I will be glad,
That I may long obey:
If short—yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by His door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days;
And join with the triumphant saints,
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

595 7s. RYLAND.

My times are in Thy hand.—Psa. xxxi. 15.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand;
All events at Thy command.

2 His decree, who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree;—

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

4 O Thou gracious, wise, and just,
In Thy hands my life I trust.
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to Thy will.

5 May I always own Thy hand;
Still to the surrender stand.
Thee, at all times, will I bless;
Thee, in whom I all possess.

596 L.M. WATTS.

Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.—Heb. xi. 17.

1 SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abraham with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

3 Abraham, forbear! the angel cried,
Thy faith is known, thy love is tried;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be blest indeed.

4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power:
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

597 C.M. WATTS.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.—Job. i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
So, at Thy sentence just,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be His name!
He takes but what He gave.

4 Peace! all our angry passions then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at His sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

598

C.M. COWPER.

The will of the Lord be done.
Acts xxi. 14.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

3 No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?—
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

6 But ah ! mine inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway :
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

599

888,4. ELLIOTT.

Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.
Matt. xxvi. 39.

1 MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,—
Thy will be done !

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
Thy will be done!

3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee;
Thy will be done!

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,—
Thy will be done!

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
Thy will be done!

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will be done!

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
Thy will be done!

600 S.M. DARBY.

I saw that it was from the hand of God.
Eccl. ii. 24.

1 IT is Thy hand, my God;
My sorrow comes from Thee:
I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

2 I would not murmur, Lord;
Before Thee I am dumb:
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word,
To Thee for help I come.

3 My God, Thy name is Love;
A Father's hand is Thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry,—Thy will be mine!

4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

5 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son Thou didst not spare;
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

6 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee;
Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,
All work for good to me.

601 C.M. STEELE.

He shall choose our inheritance for us.
Ps. xlvii. 4.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee:

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

602 C.M. GREENE.

It is the Lord.—1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine:
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict His will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, mine ease,
And of His bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be His name!
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

6 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

7 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what Thou wilt,
To Thee I all resign.

603 C.M. WATTS.

Faith . . . the evidence of things not seen.
Heb. xi. 1.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight:
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets times past in present view;
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abraham, to unknown countries led,
By faith obeyed the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by the Eternal hands,
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

604 L.M. WATTS.

We walk by faith, not by sight.
2 Cor. v. 7.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

605

86,86, 88. CONDER.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust.
Job. xiii. 15.

1 WHEN I can trust my all with God
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath His rod
And bless His sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me.

3 Then blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks;
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

606

S. M. D. GERHARD.

Commit thy way unto the Lord.
Ps. xxxvii. 5.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears:
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might.
His every act pure blessing is;
His path unsullied light.
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand?

3 Leave to His sovereign will
To choose, and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
Thou comprehend'st Him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee.
O lift Thou up the sinking hand;
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

607 888,6., Peculiar. ALFORD.

Lord, save us, we perish.—Matt. viii. 25.

1 LO! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,
Round Thy church, in pride, is swelling;
With Thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

3 On Thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto Thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 Steadfast we, in faith abiding,
In Thy secret presence hiding,
In Thy love and grace confiding,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

5 By Thy birth, Thy cross, Thy passion,
By Thy tears of deep compassion,
By Thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

608 10.10.11.11. NEWTON.

O ye of little faith.—Matt. viii. 26.

1 BEGONE, unbelief;
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way,
Since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey;
'Tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past
  Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last
  In trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer
  I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure
  To help me quite through.

4 Determined to save,
  He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
  I sported with death.
And can He have taught me
  To trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me
  To put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain
  Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
  He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
  I know from His word,
Through much tribulation
  Must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup,
  No heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up,
  That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
  And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
  And shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
  Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
  The medicine is food;

Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

609

6666,88. TOPLADY.

He bringeth them unto their...haven.
Ps. cvii. 30.

1 JESUS, at Thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is Thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I trust Thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with His eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast.
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more.

5 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

610

11s. J. GRANT.

Fear thou not, I am with thee.—Isa. xli. 10.

1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
By darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.

2 Loud roaring, the billows may nigh overwhelm,
But skilful's the Pilot who stands at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, His power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

3 O fearful! O faithless! in mercy He cries,
My promise, My truth; are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee,—My promise shall stand,—
Through tossing and tempest I'll bring thee to land.

4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engraved on My heart must for ever remain;
On the palms of My hands I cannot but see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

5 Then trust Me, and fear not; thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
And make thee at length in My likeness to shine.

6 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are My care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions My glory shall spring,
The deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing.

611

L.M., 6 lines. ZINZENDORF.

An anchor of the soul.—Heb. vi. 19.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:—
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain:
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is mine unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be [gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

5 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

612 C.M. STEELE.

O Lord, my refuge in the day of affliction.
Jer. xvi. 19.

1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art mine only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

6 No! still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer.
O may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there.

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

613 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

He hath made with me an everlasting covenant.—2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

1 MY God, the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 What though my house be not with Thee,
As nature could desire;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

3 Since Thou, the Everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home;

4 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

5 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when mine eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

614 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

In whom we trust that He will yet deliver us.—2 Cor. i. 10.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song:
His shield is spread o'er every saint;
And thus supported, who shall faint?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage?
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by His word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day:
And when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood:
Still is He gracious, wise, and just,
And still in Him let Israel trust.

615 8s. D., peculiar. HART.

They shall trust in the name of the Lord.
Zeph. iii. 12.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And knows neither measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

DILIGENCE.

616 L.M. WATTS.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. xl. 31.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint :—

3 Thee, Mighty God ! whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

617 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

So run, that ye may obtain.—1 Cor. ix. 24.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay mine honours down.

618 L.M. WATTS.

Be zealous.—Rev. iii. 19.

1 AWAKE, my zeal; awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.

2 Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need:
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul;
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown.

619 S.M. DODDRIDGE.

Like unto men that wait for their Lord.
Luke xii. 36.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

3 Watch;—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

COURAGE.

620 C.M. WATTS.

Be strong and of a good courage.
Deut. xxxi. 6.

1 DO I believe what Jesus saith,
And think His gospel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal;
That I may make Thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.

3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the power, the praise be Thine,
My Saviour and my God.

4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim Thy grace;
They cast their honours at Thy feet,
And own their borrowed rays.

621 C.M. WATTS.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.
Rom. i. 16.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face;
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

622 L.M. GREGG.

Ashamed of Me.—Mark viii. 38.

1 JESUS, and can it ever be?
A mortal man ashamed of Thee:
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor:
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far
May evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! Just as soon
May midnight blush to think of noon.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

CONFLICT.

623 C.M. WATTS.

I have fought a good fight.—2 Tim. iv. 7.

1 ARE we the soldiers of the cross?
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Now must we fight, if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord:
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

624 S.M. C. WESLEY.

Take unto you the whole armour of God.
Eph. vi. 13.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

6 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

625 C.M. NEWTON.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.
Col. iii. 3.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are you shall not faint;
Or fainting, shall not die:
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A Guide, a glory, a defence:
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love His name,
Shall through Him triumph too.

626 6s. D. AVELING.

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim. vi. 12.

1 ON! towards Zion, on!
Glory awaits you there;
Crowns, for the victor's brow;
Robes, that the conquerors wear;
Thrones, for the sons of might;
Harps, for the sons of song;
Welcomes, from heaven's own King,
Greetings, from heaven's bright throng.

2 On! for ye now must wage
The warfare, life begun;
Or see life's day decline,
With life's great work undone.
Hark! for your Captain calls,
And o'er your path has shone
His lightning-gleaming sword:—
On! to the fight, then, on!

3 Put off each cumbrous weight;
Renounce each darling sin;
He must be free as air,
Who would faith's victory win.
With patience gird the soul,
Maintain the strife begun;
Be firm unto the end:—
On! to the foe, then, on!

4 Be fearless in the fight;
Look round you—myriads stand
Enrobed in glorious light,
Earth's star-crowned victor band.
They point you to the prize,
By true hearts surely won;
They urge you to advance:—
On! to the field, then, on!

5 See! Christ among them throned;
He, who the crown of shame
Wore on that royal head
Now wreathed with endless fame,
He waits to bind a crown,—
Life's last great battle won,—
Round every conqueror's brow:—
On! then, to victory, on!

627 7s. KIRKE WHITE.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. ii. 3.

1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.

4 Onward, then, to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

628 L.M. WATTS.

Stand fast in the faith.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on:
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

629 C.M. WATTS.

A crown of righteousness.—2 Tim. iv. 8.

1 WITH heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

2 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

3 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of His Son.

4 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to His heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

5 God is mine everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To Him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

PILGRIMAGE.

630 7s. CENNICK.

The redeemed shall come with singing.
Isa. li. 11.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye ransomed flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Onward, then, we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness;
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

631

886,886. C. WESLEY.

Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord.
Isa. ii. 3.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
Ye pilgrims through the wilderness
Who still your sorrows feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
Shall soon before His face appear,
And by His side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And we in joy ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

632 S.M. TOPLADY.

The Lord's song in a strange land.
Ps. cxxxvii. 4.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

633 L.M. FAWCETT.

Remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee.—Deut. viii. 2.

1 THUS far my God hath led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known:
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations everywhere annoy:
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in this wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so—Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove:
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in all.

TEMPTATIONS.

634 C.M. WATTS.

Why are ye fearful?—Matt. viii. 26.

1 HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veiled my mind,
And drowned my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
Dispelled my gloomy fears.

3 O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was His,
And my Beloved mine.

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of Thy face
Revives my joys again.

635 L.M. STEELE.

Because I live, ye shall live also.
John xiv. 19.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2 Art Thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die,
Fixed on Thine everlasting word;—
The word that built the earth and sky?

3 If my Immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure:
His word a firm foundation gives:
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immoveable the promise stands:
Nor all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose:
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

636 7s. CONDER.

And lead us not into temptation.
Luke xi. 4.

1 HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray
Let Thy counsels guide my way.

2 Lead me not—for flesh is frail—
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain;
That my sole reproach may be,
Following Christ and fearing Thee.

4 Lord, uphold me day by day:
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

5 All I ask for is—enough.
Only, when the way is rough,
Let Thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

6 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify Thy name.

7 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God.

637 87,87,88. MANT.

Deliver us from evil.—Matt. vi. 13.

1 FROM all evil, all temptation
That besets our earthly path:
From Thy final condemnation,
From Thy transitory wrath,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

2 From a heart of hate and blindness,
From all envy, treachery, pride,
From all harshness or unkindness,
All to sin or shame allied,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

3 From the world's deceitful pleasures,
From its soul-invading snares,
From the plotter's crafty measures,
Foolish thoughts and trifling cares,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

4 In the time of tribulation,
In the bright and prosperous way,
In the hour of life's prostration,
In the final judgment-day,
God of goodness, us deliver,
And Thy name be praised for ever.

638 L.M. C. WESLEY.

Christ is all and in all.—Col. iii. 11.

1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find mine all in Thee;
The fulness of Thy promise prove,
The seal of Thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
Thou, only Thou, to me be given
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven.

3 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out;—
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,
With only sin and misery.

4 Lord, I am sick; my sickness cure:
I want; do Thou enrich the poor;
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up!

5 Lord, I am blind; be Thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak; be Thou my might:
A Helper of the helpless be;
And let me find mine all in Thee.

DECLENSIONS.

639 C.M. WATTS.

Ephraim is like a silly dove without heart.
Hos. vii. 11.

1 WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With Thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in Thy love,
As I have found in Thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of Thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is passed,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave Thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

6 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

640 C.M. COWPER.

Revive the heart of the contrite ones.
Isa. lvii. 15.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel:
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love Thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse from all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few:
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry,—My strength renew;
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love Thy house of prayer;
I, therefore, go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And, if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

641 C.M. WATTS.

O that I knew where I might find Him.
Job xxiii. 3.

1 O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

642 C.M. NEWTON.

Will ye also go away?—John vi. 67.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,—
Alas! what numbers do,—
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
Wilt thou forsake me too?

2 Ah! Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet Thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from Thee?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured,
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who hast eternal life secured,
By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but Thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has that question stirred,—
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer, No!

643

L.M. C. WESLEY.

They rebelled, and vexed His Holy Spirit.
Isa. lxiii. 10.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all whoe'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with Thy gracious hand:
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

644 C.M. COWPER.

Walk ye in Him.—Col. ii. 6.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee:

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

645 L.M. WATTS.

Almost...a Christian.—Acts xxvi. 28.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Will not be numbered with the saints,
But make his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

546 L.M. STEELE.

Thou hast the words of eternal life.
John vi. 68.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend,
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither should I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives:
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.

4 Thy name mine inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care.
Depart from Thee!—'tis death;—'tis more:
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

5 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie:
Here safety dwells, and peace divine.
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life is Thine.

647 C.M. WATTS.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.—Job. v. 7.

1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance.

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust His promised grace;
He rules me by His well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

648 7s. MILMAN.

Son of David, have mercy on me.
Mark x. 47.

1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost and dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

2 Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou, our mortal grief hast borne;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou Thy precious blood hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

4 When the heart is sad within,
With the sense of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

5 Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of David, hear.

649 C.M. HAWEIS.

Lord, remember me.—Luke xxiii. 42.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee:
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on mine aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord, let my strength be as my day;
For good remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body, see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me.

5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

6 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry,—Remember me.

650

L.M. ADDISCOTT.

Take up the cross.—Mark x. 21.

1 AND is there, Lord, a cross for me,
As through this wilderness I stray,
Which, if I would, I must not flee,
But Thy divine command obey?

2 I would not, Lord, pass by that cross,
For Thou hast placed it in my way;
To turn aside would be my loss,
I, therefore, lift my heart and pray:—

3 Show me the cross that I must bear;
Bend my proud heart, that I may take
In holy faith and humble prayer,
The cross of shame, for Thy dear sake:

4 For Thou didst take a cross for me,
And on it all my sins didst bear;
Its agony Thou didst not flee,
That in Thy glory I might share.

5 Then I will take my cross with joy,
And bear it onward to the end;
My shame and pride, O Lord, destroy,
My faith and hope on Thee depend.

6 Thou soon wilt take the cross away,
And place the crown upon my brow,
In that bright world of endless day,
Where I no more a cross shall know.

651

7s. COWPER.

The trial of your faith.—1 Pet. i. 7.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away?

6 Worldlings may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

652

C.M. ALLEN.

When he is tried he shall receive the crown of life.—Jas. i. 12.

1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
Beneath heaven's arches high:
The Lord that lives,—the ransomed sing,—
That lives, no more to die.

6 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels, from the heavens come down,
And bear my soul away.

653 8.7.D. LYTE.

Lo, we have left all, and have followed Thee.
Mark x. 28.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee.
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known:
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still mine own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too.
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Soul! then know, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
What a Father's smiles are thine:
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee:
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission:
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

DIVINE SUPPORT.

654 C.M. MERRICK.

My God shall supply all your need.
Phil. iv. 19.

1 ETERNAL GOD! we look to Thee;
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see;
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

655 S.M.D. C. WESLEY.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.—Isa. xxvi. 3.

1 THOU very present aid
In suffering and distress;
The soul which still on Thee is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace.
The soul, by faith reclined
On the Redeemer's breast,
'Mid raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er Thy face appears:
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears:
It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me,
Makes me forget mine every loss,
And find my all in Thee.

3 Jesus, to whom I fly,
Doth all my wishes fill.
What though created streams are dry,
I have the fountain still.
Stripped of mine earthly friends,
I find them all in One:
And peace and joy that never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun.

656 10.10.11.11. NEWTON.

The Lord will provide.—Gen. xxii. 14.

1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,—
The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed:
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—
The Lord will provide.

3 His call we obey,
Like Abraham of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold:
For though we are strangers,
We have a good Guide,
And trust, in all dangers,
The Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide:
Almighty His power,
The Lord will provide.

657 C.M. WATTS.

To them that have no might He increaseth strength.—Isa. xl. 29.

1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot the Almighty Name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease:
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

658 L.M. WATTS.

My grace is sufficient for thee.—2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,—
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me:
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there:
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His kind hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

659 7s. C. WESLEY.

Without me ye can do nothing.
John xv. 5.

1 SON of God, Thy blessing grant;
Still supply mine every want.
Tree of life, Thine influence shed;
From Thy fulness I am fed.

2 Unsustained by Thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

3 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me, to the end.
Still preserve me by Thy grace:
Take the everlasting praise.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

660 87,87,47. WILLIAMS.

The Lord went before them . . . by day and night.—Ex. xiii. 21.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

661 L.M., 6 lines. C. WESLEY.

A leader and commander to the people. Isa. lv. 4.

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely:
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place :
We hasten through this vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight :
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light—
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the Living God.

4 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven ;—
That palace of our glorious King
We find it nearer while we sing.

5 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod :
The church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

662 55.88.55. ZINZENDORF.

I send an angel before thee.—Ex. xxiii. 20.

1 JESUS, still lead on
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless :
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

663 C.M. WATTS.

Underneath are the everlasting arms.
Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim,
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed;
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

664 11s. KIRKHAM.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.
Heb. xiii. 5.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition; in sickness, in health,
In joy or deep sorrow, in want or in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot give up to its foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never! no, never! no, never forsake!

665 L.M. C. WESLEY.

O Lord, thou hast redeemed my life.
Lam. iii. 58.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own;
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And given me back at Thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand.

4 Oft, from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head.
Sudden I found Thee near to save;
And sickness owned Thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O! whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within Thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest?

666

8.7.D. ROBINSON.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
O! the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither, by Thy help, I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander; Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

667 C.M. WATTS.

Are they not all ministering spirits?
Heb. i. 14.

1 NOW to the hands of Christ our King
Are all the angels given:
They wait upon His saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.

2 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn;
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.

3 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When He His angels sends
Opposing rebels to destroy,
And gather in His friends.

4 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found;
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

668 L.M. WATTS.

He shall give His angels charge over thee.
Ps. xci. 11.

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast Thou advanced the Lord, Thy Son;
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of His throne.

2 Before His feet Thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move
To manage His affairs of state,
In works of judgment and of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of Thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.

4 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And Thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

PERSEVERANCE.

669 S.M. WATTS.

Unto Him who is able to keep you from falling.—Jude 24.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen race
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

670 C.M. WATTS.

He which stablisheth us in Christ . . . is God.
2 Cor. i. 21.

1 OUR God, how firm His promise stands,
E'en when He hides His face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and His grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to His saints,
Is faithful to His Son.

3 Beneath His smiles my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed;
I praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest.

671 L.M. WATTS.

The immutability of His counsel.
Heb. vi. 17.

1 HOW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But everlasting is Thy love,
And Jesus seals it with His blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this sure refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths and promises and blood.

672 L.M. WATTS.

Who shall separate us from . . . Christ?
Rom. viii. 35.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead.

3 He lives, He lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from His love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine or sword or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our hope, our joy,
Which life nor death can e'er destroy.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

673 C.M. WATTS.

Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.—John x. 28.

1 FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His chosen from His breast:
Safe in the mansions of His love
They must for ever rest.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

674 L.M. WATTS.

His Spirit in the inner man.—Eph. iii. 16.

1 COME, Dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ His Son.

675 S.M. DODDRIDGE.

Our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.—1 John i. 3.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!

4 Jesus, my Living Head,
I bless Thy faithful care;
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart;
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

676 C.M. WATTS.

Followers of God, as dear children.
Eph. v. 1.

1 IMMORTAL principles forbid
The sons of God to sin;
Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within.

2 Not by the terrors of a slave,
Do they perform His will;
But with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.

3 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

4 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see His lovely face.

5 Lord, I address Thy heavenly throne,
Call me a child of Thine;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed Thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say,—My Father, God,
With an unwavering tongue.

677 L.M. WATTS.

Isaac went out to meditate.—Gen. xxiv. 63.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

678 L.M. WATTS.

We would see Jesus.—John xii. 21.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my Redeemer, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at Thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

5 Hail, Great Immanuel, all divine!
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, fairest, holiest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

679 C.M. COWPER.

Go forth into the plain, and I will there talk with thee.—Ezek. iii. 22.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O! with what peace and joy and love
She communes with her God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of life divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour,—Thou art mine.

5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

680

C.M. C. WESLEY.

He talked with us by the way.
Luke xxiv. 32.

1 TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Let this mine every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

681

L.M. GUION.

I am continually with Thee.
Psa. lxxiii. 23.

1 ALL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot:
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

5 Then let me to His throne repair,
And never be a stranger there;
Then love divine shall be my guard,
And peace and safety my reward.

682

C.M. BARTON.

Walk in the light, as He is in the light.
1 John i. 7.

1 WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

683 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Enoch walked with God.—Gen. v. 24.

1 ETERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire Thy matchless grace;
That Thou wilt walk, that Thou wilt dwell,
With Adam's worthless race.

2 O lead me to that happy path,
Where I my God may meet;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briers wound my feet.

3 Cheered with Thy converse, I can trace
The desert with delight:
Through all the gloom one smile of Thine
Can dissipate the night.

4 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam ;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

684

7s. D. TOPLADY.

And be found in Him.—Phil. iii. 9.

1 OBJECT of my first desire,—
Jesus, crucified for me ;—
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee ;
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below ;
Thee to see, and Thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live
If Thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death—to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Singly from Thy smile it flows ;
Peace and happiness are Thine,
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 While I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into Thy presence die.
Let me but Thyself possess—
Total sum of happiness—
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

685 C.M. RYLAND.

God is my portion for ever.—Psa. lxxiii. 26.

1 O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise Thee more.

686 7.6. D. COWPER.

Although the fig-tree shall not blossom.
Hab. iii. 17.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul, again,
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We gladly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.

Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,—
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may,

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flock nor herd be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

687

L.M. WATTS.

All things are yours.—1 Cor. iii. 21.

1 HOW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich Thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

2 All things are ours: the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood:
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak Thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, I wait Thy daily will,
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems Thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

688 C.M. WATTS.

The Lord is my portion.—Lam. iii. 24.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but Thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys;
There's nothing like my God.

3 To Thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode;
Thanks to Thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars mine own;
Without Thy graces and Thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of Thy face,
And I desire no more.

689

S.M. WATTS.

My soul shall be joyful in my God.
Isa. lxi. 10.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

2 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

3 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.

4 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.

690

L.M. WATTS.

Whom Thou blessest is blessed.
Numb. xxii. 6.

1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Blest are the merciful who prove
Their sympathy by deeds of love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

691

L.M. DODDRIDGE.

Happy art thou, O Israel.
Deut. xxxiii. 29.

1 O ISRAEL, blest beyond compare;
Unrivalled all thy glories are.
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thine interest His own.

2 He is thy Saviour, He thy Lord:
His shield is thine, and thine His sword:
Review in ecstasy of thought
The grand redemption He has wrought.

3 From Satan's yoke He sets thee free
Opens thy passage through the sea;
He through the desert is thy guide,
And heaven for Canaan will provide.

4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favours to their chosen host:
Their glories, which through ages shine,
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit, teach our tongue
Sublimer strains than Moses sung,
Proportioned to the sweeter name
Of God the Saviour and the Lamb.

692

C.M. NEWTON.

The joy of the Lord is your strength.
Neh. viii. 10.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

693 S.M. WATTS.

The joy of faith.—Phil. i. 25.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas,—

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

694

C.M. WATTS.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord.
Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart; arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis He adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes His graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But Jesus spent His life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
By the great Sacred Three;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all my powers agree.

695 C.M. WATTS.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.
Gal. v. 22.

1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high
While men lie grovelling here;
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 He looks to heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day;
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

696 S.M. WATTS.

Joy unspeakable.—1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear His name,
And love Him in His word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon Thy grace.

3 And when we taste Thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

697 C.M. WATTS.

God, my exceeding joy.—Psa. xliii. 4.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers,—I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord:

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

698

10.10,11.11. C. WESLEY.

My servants shall sing for joy of heart.
Isa. lxv. 14.

1 O WHAT shall I do
My Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakest believer
That hangs upon Him?

2 How happy the man
Whose heart is set free;
The people that can
Be joyful in Thee!
Their joy is to walk in
The light of Thy face;
And still they are talking
Of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight
Shall be in Thy name;
They shall, as their own,
Thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing,
And cleansed by Thy blood,
Bold shall they appear
In the presence of God.

4 For Jesus, my Lord,
Is now my defence,
I trust in His word,
None plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour,
He all things will do;
My King and my Saviour
Shall make me anew.

5 Yes, Lord, I shall see
The bliss of Thine own;
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness
Of all that believe.

ASPIRATIONS AND HOPES.

699 L.M. WATTS.

Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.
Isa. xxxiii. 17.

1 DESCEND from heaven, Immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne;
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love?

700 C.M. WATTS.

The things which are not seen are eternal.
2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;
There springs of endless pleasure rise;
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One;
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon His arm,
And seals it on His heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are
When with eternal future things
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

701 C.M. WATTS.

When shall these things be?—Matt. xxiv. 3.

1 WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

2 While Time his sharpest scythe prepares
Our comforts to destroy,
There is a land above the stars,
A world of endless joy.

3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

702 L.M. WATTS.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.

1 I CANNOT bear Thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if Thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And Thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in Thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face,
Pass through the solemn hour of death.

703 76,76,7776. MADAN.

Arise ye...this is not your rest.
Micah ii. 10.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace:
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course:
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source.
So, a soul that's born of God
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upwards tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and we know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

704 S.M.D. MONTGOMERY.

Lay hold on eternal life.—1 Tim. vi. 19.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

2 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone :
Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

705 C.M. WATTS.

In my Father's house are many mansions.
John xiv. 2.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

706 C.M. WATTS.

They desire a better country.—Heb. xi. 16.

1 OUR journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still,
Forget the troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

2 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus the Forerunner waits,
To welcome travellers home.

3 There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

4 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

5 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through.
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

707 C.M. WATTS.

Ye are come to Mount Zion.—Heb. xii. 22.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light;
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight;

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ their Living Head,
And of His grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

708

C.M. C. WESLEY.

The whole family in heaven and earth.
Eph. iii. 15.

1 COME, let us join our friends above
Who have obtained the prize ;
And on the eagle-wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
On earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him ;
One church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

7 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

8 Be Thou, O God, our constant Guide,
And when the word is given,
Then, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

709

L.M. KELLY.

For here have we no continuing city.
Heb. xiii. 14.

1 WE'VE no abiding city here;
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let the thought our spirits cheer,
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do:
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name,—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest:
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

710

66,86,47. KELLY.

The way to Zion.—Jer. 1. 5.

1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

5 We soon shall join the throng;
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransomed there.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

6 How bright the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast:
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

711 C.M. WATTS.

Where I am, there shall also my servant be. John xii. 26.

1 FROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er Thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of Thy love.

712 C.M. WATTS.

My Father's house.—John xiv. 2.

1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of Thine abode;
I'd leave Thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to Thy seat, my God.

2 Here I behold Thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight;
But to abide in Thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense
To gaze upon Thy throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 The more Thy glories strike mine eyes
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

713 L.M. GIBBONS.

Earnestly desiring...our house which is from heaven.—2 Cor. v. 2.

1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

3 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large!
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

4 To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

714 8.7., 6 lines. HYMN OF 13TH CENTURY.

And again they said, Alleluia.—Rev. xix. 3.

1 HALLELUJAH! song of gladness,
Song of everlasting joy;
Hallelujah! song the sweetest
That can angel-hosts employ;
Hymning in God's holy presence
Their high praise eternally.

2 Hallelujah! church victorious,
Thou mayst lift this joyful strain:
Hallelujah! songs of triumph
Well befit the ransomed train:
We our song must raise with sadness,
While in exile we remain.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! notes of sadness
Best befit our state forlorn:
For, in this dark world of sorrow,
We, with tears, our sin must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity.

DEATH AND THE GRAVE.

DEATH.

715 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

The eye of him that hath seen me shall see me no more.—Job vii. 8.

1 SOVEREIGN of Life! before Thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thousands die.
One glance from Thee, at once, brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.

2 Banished, at once, from human sight
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprisoned in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.

3 The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace;
No more renew the fond embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where He leads the way.

5 He, nobler friends than here I leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give;
Or, by the beamings of His eye,
A lost creation well supply.

716 L.M. WATTS.

There shall be no more death.—Rev. xxi. 4.

1 DO flesh and nature dread to die,
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near?
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war?

3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we like this twilight so,
When all is noon in worlds above?

4 There shall we see Him face to face;
There shall we know the Great Unknown;
There Jesus with His glorious grace
Shines in full light amidst the throne.

5 When we put off this fleshly load,
We're from a thousand mischiefs free;
For ever present with our God,
Where we have wished and longed to be.

6 'Tis best,—'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come;
Where saints and angels ever blest
Dwell, and enjoy their heavenly home.

7 O for a visit from my God,
To drive my fears of death away:
And help me through this darksome road
To realms of everlasting day.

717 L.M. WATTS.

The gates of death.—Ps. ix. 13.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

718 C.M. WATTS.

Followers of them who...inherit the promises.
Heb. vi. 12.

1 MUST friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be Thou our comfort, Mighty God!
Our Helper and our Friend;
Nor leave us, in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be weaned from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

719 S.M. DODDRIDGE.

Your fathers, where are they?—Zech. i. 5.

1 HOW swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea;
The tide that bears our deathless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs have passed away,
Their wealth and honour gone.

3 There, where the fathers sleep,
Must all their children dwell;
Nor other heritage can keep
Than such a narrow cell.

4 God of our fathers, be
Our everlasting Friend;
Lord of the dead and living, we
Our souls to Thee commend.

5 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footsteps trace,
Till, gathered round our glorious Head,
We dwell before Thy face.

720 98,98,88. NEUMARK.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.—Acts vii. 59.

1 TO Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but for Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content—for Thou art ever nigh.

721 6.6.4. D. HEMANS.

Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.
Luke xxiii. 46.

1 LOWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine;
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow,
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, Thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O God.

4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us, in life and death,
Thine, only Thine.

722 C.M. WATTS.

Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory.
1 Cor. xv. 57.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours;
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,—
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where the monster's sting?

3 If sin be pardoned I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning power:
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ our living Head.

723 L.M. WATTS.

Absent from the body, and present with the Lord.—2 Cor. v. 8.

1 ABSENT from flesh! O blissful thought!
What joys unknown this moment brings;
Freed from the mischiefs sin has wrought,
From pains, and fears, and all their springs.

2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day,
Surprising scene, triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.

3 Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could ever climb;
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

4 I go where God and glory shine;
His presence makes eternal day;
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

724 7s. D. TOPLADY.

How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?
Jer. xii. 5.

1 DEATHLESS principle! arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies:
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before His throne;
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn;
Made for God, to God return.

2 Lo! He beckons from on high.
Fearless to His presence fly;
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine the righteousness of God:
Angels joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend:
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him;—
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar:
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

4 See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See! they throng the blissful shore.

5 Mount, their transports to improve;
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes;
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

725 L.M. BRUCE

I have finished my course.—2 Tim. iv. 7.

1 THE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let troubles cease;
And let Thy servant die in peace.

2 The race appointed I have run,
The fight is o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before Thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come, at Thy command,
I yield my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

6 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home.
Now, O my God, let troubles cease;
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

726 8.7. D. C. WESLEY.

To die is gain.—Phil. i. 21.

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the throne of Jesus, go:
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest;
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain:
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

727 L.M. BARBAULD.

Let me die the death of the righteous.
Numb. xxiii. 10.

1 HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys:
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

728 7s., Irregular. POPE.

O grave, where is thy victory?—1 Cor. xv. 55.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,—
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes: it disappears:
Heaven opens on mine eyes; mine ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

729 C.M. WATTS.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job xix. 25.

1 GREAT God, I own Thy sentence just;
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear,
High on a royal seat;
And Death, the last of all His foes,
Lie vanquished at His feet.

730 C.M. WATTS.

Jesus wept.—John xi. 35.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.

2 Are we not tending upwards, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the Redeemer's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all His saints He blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground:
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

731 C.M. WATTS.

The dead that die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

732 L.M. WATTS.

Sown in dishonour...raised in glory.
1 Cor. xv. 43.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
Awhile to slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the forms that slumber here;
And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed;
Rest here, dear saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade:—

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form:
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

733 13.11.13.12., Irregular. HEBER.

Not as others which have no hope.
1 Thess. iv. 13.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee, [tomb;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee, [the gloom.
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee, [side;
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, since the Sinless has died

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy waking, [seraphim's song.
And the sound which thou heardst was the

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee, [and Guide.
Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian,
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee; [died.
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has

FUNERAL OF A CHILD.

734 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Thy children shall come again.
Jer. xxxi. 17.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead;
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that precious dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

3 I'll give the mourner,—saith the Lord,—
In My own house a place:
No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

4 Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honour and delight,
My children all shall live.

5 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which Thy face we see;
And bless those wounds, which through our hearts
Prepare a way for Thee.

FUNERAL OF A PASTOR.

735 S.M. MONTGOMERY.

They rest from their labours.—Rev. xiv. 13.

1 REST from thy labour, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be.

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place:
But go as each has gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Christ, into Thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait Thine own commands,
We were not his, but Thine.

4 Thou art Thy Church's Head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead;
To Thee we lift our eye.

5 On Thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock:
Send whom Thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

736 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee.
Josh. i. 5.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What! though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What! though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead;

3 Though earthly pastors dwell in dust,—
The aged and the young,—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue,—

4 The eternal Shepherd still survives
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

5 Lo, I am with you,—saith the Lord,—
My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake Mine own,
Whose souls in Me confide.

6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

THE RESURRECTION.

737 C.M. WATTS.

A lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.—1 Peter i. 3.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all His followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

738 S.M. WATTS.

Who shall change our vile body.
Phil. iii. 21.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption and the grave
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And from the lofty skies
Looks down upon my sleeping dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

739

C.M. ADDISON.

Whom I shall see for myself.—Job xix. 27.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;—

3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

4 But never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows Thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

740

L.M., 6 lines.

I am He that liveth and was dead.
Rev. i. 18.

1 WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete:
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all Thy saints from death shall rise,
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies.
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

HEAVEN.

741 C.M. STENNETT.

A better country.—Heb. xi. 16.

1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that peaceful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

742 C.M. WATTS.

The Lord showed him all the land.
Deut. xxxiv. 1.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides,
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

743 C.M. DICKSON.

That great city, the holy Jerusalem.
Rev. xxi. 10.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home;
Name ever dear to me:
When shall my labours have an end
In joy and peace and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

744 7.6.D. BERNARD OF CLUGNY.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem.—Rev. xxi. 2.

1 TO thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love and life and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy!
Thy ageless walls are radiant
With precious stones unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric;
The corner stone is Christ.

3 I know not—O! I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly tries to image
The assembly of the saints.

4 Midst power that knows no limits,
And wisdom without bound,
The beatific vision
Shall gladden saints around:
There God, my King and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

5 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

6 There is the throne of David;
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

7 Jerusalem, the glorious,
The joy of the elect,
O! dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect,
Een now by faith I see thee,
E'en now thy walls discern,
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.

8 And, now, we fight the battle,
And, then, we wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.
O land that seest no sorrow!
O state that know'st no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

745 C.M. WATTS.

A house not made with hands.—2 Cor. v. 1.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high:
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul! with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis He by His almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Hath His own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come
Faith lives upon His word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

746

C.M. WATTS.

Prepared for them that love Him.
1 Cor. ii. 9.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in His word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame:
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

747

7s. D. RAFFLES.

The Lord God giveth them light.
Rev. xxii. 5.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise:
Glad, within their blest abode,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious cares corrode,
Happy in Immanuel's love.

2 Once the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak:

But these days of weeping o'er,
Passed—this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more;
Never—never weep again.

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,—
Songs of praise to Jesus' love;—
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest, the aching head,
Soothed, the anguish of the mind.

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose:
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

748 C.M. WATTS.

That they may behold my glory.
John xvii. 24.

1 O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of His o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on His brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to His imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see Him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound His lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at His feet.

5 This is the Man, the exalted Lord,
Whom we, unseen, adore:
But when our eyes behold His face,
Our hearts shall love Him more.

749 887,887,888. NICOLAI.

The throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it.—Rev. xxii. 3.

1 BEHOLD! how glorious is yon sky!
Lo! there the righteous never die,
But dwell in peace for ever:
Then who would wear this earthly clay,
When bid to cast life's chains away,
And win Thy gracious favour?
Holy, Holy, O forgive us;
And receive us, Heavenly Father,
When around Thy throne we gather.

2 Confiding in Thy sacred word,
Our Saviour is our hope, O Lord,
The guiding star before us;
Our Shepherd, leading us the way,
If from Thy paths our footsteps stray,
To Thee He will restore us;
Holy, Holy, ever hear us,
And receive us, while we gather
Round Thy throne, Almighty Father.

750 C.M.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes?—Rev. vii. 13.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannahs ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 In pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

751 7s. D. MONTGOMERY.

Whence came they?—Rev. vii. 13.

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod:
These from great affliction came:
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

752 C.M. WATTS.

These are they which came out of great tribulation.—Rev. vii. 14.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys!
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3 I asked them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their Incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

THE LORD'S DAY AND WORSHIP.

SABBATH MORNING.

753 L.M. STENNETT.

And rested the Sabbath day.--Luke xxiii. 56.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy the rest;
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away.
How blest a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

754 C.M. WATTS.

Early in the morning, they came to the sepulchre.—Luke xxiv. 1.

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eye-lids closed,
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear Thy word;
And I will go with cheerful feet,
To learn Thy will, O Lord.

4 Help me to hear, to praise, to pray,
And so prepare for heaven;
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

755 C.M. WATTS.

He rose again the third day.—1 Cor. xv. 4.

1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God,
That saw Him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave His dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our King in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay;
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven and earth and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

756 L.M. WARDLAW.

The first day of the week.—Mark xvi. 9.

1 HAIL, morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope and joy and love;
Of heavenly peace and holy rest;
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought His Son:
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away,
When Christ arose—unsetting sun—
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4 Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to every bosom bring:
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

757 886,886. MERRICK.

One Sabbath to another....to worship.
Isa. lxvi. 23.

1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to Thy hallowed dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps Thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

2 What joy while thus I view the day
That warns my thirsting soul away!
What transports fill my breast!
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And leads me to His rest.

3 E'en now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
E'en now with glad survey
I view her mansions, that contain
The angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.

4 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring:
Here, crowned with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail the Immortal King.

758 6666,88. LYTE.

Call the Sabbath a delight.—Isa. lviii. 13.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day:
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of Life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All-hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings,—
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King! gird on Thy sword,
Ascend Thy conquering car;
While justice, power, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
This day let sinners own Thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

759 L.M. NEWTON.

The Sabbath was made for man.
Mark ii. 27.

1 HOW welcome to the saints, when prest
With six days' noise and care and toil,
Is the returning day of rest,
Which hides them from the world awhile!

2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They seem to breathe a different air:
Composed and softened by the day,
All things another aspect wear.

3 With joy they hasten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feast upon His grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget,

4 We thank Thee for Thy day, O Lord:
Here we Thy promised presence seek:
Open Thy hand with blessings stored,
And give us manna for the week.

760

10s. MASON.

And God blessed the seventh day.
Gen. ii. 3.

1 AGAIN returns the day of holy rest
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn, obey:
In pure religion's hallowed duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

3 So shall the God of mercy, pleased, receive
That only tribute man has power to give;
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

4 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.

761

S.M. WATTS.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.
Rev. i. 10.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise:
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day, amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

762

7s. D.

The Sabbath.—Isa. lvi. 2.

1 WELCOME, sacred day of rest!
Sweet repose from worldly care;
Day above all days the best,
When our souls for heaven prepare;
Day when our Redeemer rose
Victor o'er the hosts of hell.
Thus He vanquished all our foes;
Let our lips His glories tell.

2 Gracious Lord, we love this day:
When we hear Thy holy word,
When we sing Thy praise and pray,
Earth can no such joys afford.
But a better rest remains,
Heavenly Sabbaths, happier days;
Rest from sin, and rest from pains;
Endless joys, and endless praise.

763 7s. D. SANDYS.

They shall hallow my Sabbaths.
Ezek. xliv. 24.

1 THOU who art enthroned above,
Thou by whom we live and move,
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound Thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All Thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse!

2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within Thy house,
Hear Thy word and pay our vows,
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise,
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

3 From Thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise!
Who Thy wonders can express?
All Thy thoughts are fathomless;
Warm our hearts with sacred fire;
Grateful fervours still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

764 C.M. S. WESLEY, JUN.

This is the day which the Lord hath made.
Ps. cxviii. 24.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and happy grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed
By God, the Eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who His church hath bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

765 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

The Lord of the Sabbath.—Mark ii. 28.

1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house:
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
No guilt the conscience to oppress;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin.
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But wait the nobler rest above.

766 87,87,47. KELLY.

Speak, for Thy servant heareth.
1 Sam. iii. 10.

1 IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak, and let Thy servants hear;—
Hear with meekness;
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment;
Full, unmixed for evermore,

767 6666,88. DODDRIDGE.

A house of prayer for all people.—Isa. lvi. 7.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause His own:
Strangers no more,
To Thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To Thee our souls we join,
And love Thy sacred name;
No more our own, but Thine,
We triumph in Thy claim:
Our Father-king,
Thy covenant grace
Our souls embrace;
Thy titles sing.

4 May all the nations throng
To worship in Thy house;
And Thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

768 87,87,47. LYTE.

The joyful sound.—Ps. lxxxix. 15.

1 O HOW blest the congregation,
Who the gospel know and prize!
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by Jesus from the skies:
He is near them,
Knows their wants, and hears their cries.

2 In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting in His favour
Something here of bliss above;
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall move?

3 In His righteousness exalted,
On from strength to strength they go;
By ten thousand ills assaulted,
Yet preserved from every foe;
On to glory,
Safe they speed through all below.

4 God will keep His own anointed;
Nought shall harm them, none condemn:
All their trials are appointed;
All must work for good to them:
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

769 L.M. WATTS.

In the temple doth every one speak of His glory.—Ps. xxix. 9.

1 AWAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near Thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of Thy grace
We hear Thy word, and we adore;
The mysteries of Thy wisdom trace,
And learn the wonders of Thy power.

3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United prayers ascend on high;
And faith obtains a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 Father, my soul would still abide
Within Thy temple, near Thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep Thy dwelling in my heart.

770 7. 6. D. BULMER.

He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him.
Ps. xlv. 11.

1 LORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
Behold us at Thy throne:
We come for mercy crying,
Through Thine atoning blood;
And, on Thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.

2 We bless that condescension
Which brought Thee down to earth,
Of which the seers made mention,
Who prophesied Thy birth:
We celebrate the glory
That marked Thy wondrous way,
And own the joyful story
Which claims this hallowed day.

3 O! when shall Thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men in every station
Obey Thy great command?
In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free;
And gospel-grace receiving,
Find life and peace in Thee.

771 L.M., 6 lines. MARCH.

I will go unto the altar of God.—Ps. xliii. 4.

1 O SEND Thy light, Thy truth, my God,
Thy grace bestow, Thy word fulfil;
And let them lead me in Thy road,
And bring me to Thy holy hill;
Where happy saints, a chosen band,
Exulting in Thy presence stand.

2 Then to Thine altar will I go,
And pay my destined offerings there:
And freely from my heart shall flow
The fervent, interceding prayer;
A prayer effectual, that shall rise
Accepted through the Sacrifice.

3 And I will take salvation's cup,
And call upon Thy blessed name;
My thankful heart to Thee lift up,
Saviour from death and guilt and shame;
Restored in mercy to Thy house,
To render all my grateful vows.

4 There in Thy truth will I rejoice,
And hymn Thy goodness in my lays;
And mind and heart and soul and voice
Shall join to magnify Thy praise,
And triumph in the blest employ,
My God, and mine exceeding joy.

772 S.M. MONTGOMERY.

Stand up and bless the Lord your God.
Neh. ix. 5.

1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear :
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore :
Stand up and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

773 L. M., 6 lines. TERSTEEGEN.

Surely the Lord is in this place.
Gen. xxviii. 16.

1 LO ! God is here ; let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face ;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo ! God is here ; Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing ;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring :
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone:
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
O take, O seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord;
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will:
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

774 C.M. WATTS.

Worship Him in spirit and in truth.
John iv. 24.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before His throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies;
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before Thy face,
And find acceptance there.

775 L.M. WATTS.

Will God . . dwell on the earth?
1 Kings viii. 27.

1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst Thou find beneath the poles
To tempt Thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might He fill His starry throne,
And please His ears with Gabriel's songs;
But the heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as Thine;
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But Thy compassion's all divine.

776 7s. COWPER.

O Lord, I will praise Thee.—Isa. xii. 1.

1 I WILL praise Thee every day,
Now Thine anger's turned away:
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And His praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye, then, His glorious name;
Publish His exalted fame:
Still His worth your praise exceeds:
Excellent are all His deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations roll it round.
Zion, shout, for this is He:
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

777

8.7. C. WESLEY.

Waiting for the consolation of Israel.
Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us:
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art:
Blest desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own Eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

778

S.M. BULMER.

God be with us, as He was with our fathers.
1 Kings viii. 57.

1 TO Thee, in ages past,
Our pious fathers came:
On Thee, O Lord, their cares they cast,
Nor were they put to shame.

2 Thy holy day they loved;
They loved the means of grace;
And oft Thy faithfulness they proved,
When they had sought Thy face.

3 Their faith in Thee was strong;
Their godliness was pure;
And while Thou wast their strength and song
They all things could endure.

4 Their steps may we pursue,
As they obeyed their Lord;
So may our hearts and lives be new,
And with Thy will accord.

5 O be Thou with us here,
And Thy rich grace display;
For our salvation, Lord, appear,
On this Thy hallowed day.

779 L.M. PIERPOINT.

In every place incense shall be offered unto my name.—Mal. i. 11.

1 O THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

2 Not now, on Zion's height alone,
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well:

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

780 C.M. C. WESLEY.

Accepted in the beloved.—Eph. i. 6.

1 FATHER, behold, with gracious eyes,
Those who through Christ draw near
To pay their living sacrifice,
And worship in Thy fear.

2 Well-pleased in Him, Thyself declare;
Thy pardoning love reveal:
The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.

3 On each, on all, some gift bestow,—
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every waiting heart.

4 O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And grant what we require:
For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,
And answer us by fire.

5 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

781 7s. MONTGOMERY.

There I will meet with thee.—Ex. xxv. 22.

1 TO Thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till Thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

5 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy name,
Through their voice by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

6 From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

782 664,6664. MADAN.

They sang praises with gladness.
2 Chron. xxix. 30.

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise:
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let Thine almighty aid,
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the Great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore:
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

783 7s. C. WESLEY.

The life was the light of men.—John i. 4.

1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart;

2 Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom.
Son of God, appear! appear!
To Thy living temples come.

3 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Rooting out the love of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be Thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

784 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

I will command my blessing upon you.
Lev. xxv. 21.

1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we Thy true disciples be:
Speak to each heart the mighty word:
Say to the weakest,—Follow me.

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confess'd;
Whom Thou hast joined, may none divide
None dare to curse whom Thou hast blest.

5 With Thee and Thine for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

785 7s. HAMMOND.

The Lord...send thee help from the sanctuary.
Psa. xx. 1, 2.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now:
At Thy feet we humbly bow:
O do not our suit disdain:
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace:
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee: here we stay:
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind.
Heal the sick; the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

BEFORE SERMON.

786 L.M. BURDER.

Take heed, therefore, how ye hear.
Luke viii. 18.

1 GREAT God, impress our trifling minds,
And help us seriously to think,
A vast eternity is near,
And every soul is on the brink.

2 Lord, help Thy minister to preach
As if he ne'er should preach again;
O may he speak as sent by Thee,
A dying man to dying men!

3 Now may we all attend Thy voice,
Before the day of grace is past;
Nor dare the present message slight,
Since this to us may prove the last.

787 C.M. TOPLADY.

With the Holy Ghost and with fire.
Matt. iii. 11.

1 NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy and peace and love.

2 Great Comforter! our souls confess,
Without Thy presence here
Our songs of praise are vain address,
We utter heartless prayer.

3 Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices, then, shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim Thy word;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

788 87,87,47. EVANS.

God that giveth the increase.—1 Cor. iii. 7.

1 COME, Thou soul transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel,
Now supply Thy people's need.

2 Help us all to seek the blessing
Which Thou waitest now to give;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever
To Thy praise and glory live.

789 L.M. KELLY.

Not in word only, but also in power.
1 Thess. i. 5.

1 NOW may the gospel's conquering power
Be felt by all assembled here;
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.

2 Lord, let Thy mighty voice be heard:
Speak in Thy word, and speak with power:
So shall Thy glorious name be feared,
By those who never feared before.

3 So shall Thy people joyful be;
The angels too, with joy will sing;
And all ascribe the praise to Thee;—
To Thee, the Everlasting King.

AFTER SERMON.

790 C.M. CAWOOD.

Such as hear the word...and bring forth fruit.
Mark iv. 20.

1 ALMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground:
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy:
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

791 C.M. WATTS.

The word preached did not profit them.
Heb. iv. 2.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

792

87,87,47. MADAN.

And blessed them.—Luke xxiv. 50.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

793 8.7.D. BURDER.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee.
Numb. vi. 24.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace ;
Still, on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase :
Fill our hearts with consolation,
Unto Thee our voices raise ;
When we reach that blissful station,
We will give Thee nobler praise.

794 L.M. HART.

Go in peace.—1 Sam. i. 17.

1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord ;
Help us to feed upon Thy word :
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good ;
Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

795 7s. NEWTON.

Perfect in every good work.—Heb. xiii. 21.

1 NOW, may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight :
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

796 8.7.D. NEWTON.

Grace be with thee. Amen.—1 Tim. vi. 21.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

SABBATH EVENING.

797 L.M. WATTS.

All the congregation said, Amen, and praised the Lord.—Neh. v. 13.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that thoughtless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy word:
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

798 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's house...all nations shall flow unto it.—Isa. ii. 2.

1 MILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Their holy vows to Thee they vowed.

2 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

4 Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

5 Yet one prayer more!—and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord;—
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.

799 C.M. C. WESLEY.

For we which have believed do enter into rest.—Heb. iv. 3.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known;
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone:—

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now this rest might know,
Believe, and enter in;
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

800 C.M. MONTGOMERY.

I give myself unto prayer. Psa. cix. 4.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways:
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—Behold! he prays.

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

8 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

801 S.M. NEWTON.

The throne of grace.—Heb. iv. 16.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near:
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Beyond thine utmost wants,
His love and power can bless:
To those who seek His face He grants
More than they can express.

5 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love:
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to Thine,
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

802

C.M. NEWTON.

Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.
Mark ix. 24.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
Then humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh.
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name!

803

7s. PYER.

There am I in the midst of them.
Matt. xviii. 20.

1 MET again in Jesus' name,
At His throne we humbly bow:
He is evermore the same:
Lo! He waits to meet us now.

2 In His name, if two or three
Meet, and for His mercy call,
There, the Saviour saith,—I'll be
In the midst, to bless you all.

3 You shall never ask in vain,
Though your number be but few:
Firm the promise doth remain,—
Lo! I always am with you.

4 Saviour, we believe the word;
Calmly wait the promised grace:
Spirit of our risen Lord,—
Holy Spirit, fill this place.

804

L.M. STENNETT.

Two or three gathered together in my name.
Matt. xviii. 20.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 There, says the Saviour, will I be
Amid that little company;
To them unveil My smiling face,
And shed My glories round the place.

3 We meet at Thy command, Dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word:
Now send Thy Spirit from above;
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

805

L.M. COWPER.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care:

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,—
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

806 C.M. MONTGOMERY.

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke xi. 1.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts;

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;

4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

5 Patience to watch and wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay;

6 Give these,—and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit, through Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

807

7s. NEWTON.

What is thy petition?—Esther vii. 2.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray;
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt:

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end;

6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith;
Let me die Thy people's death.

808

C.M. MILMAN.

Lord, help me.—Matt. xv. 25.

1 O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour, on earth, we live.

2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

809

7s. D. MILMAN.

Son of David, have mercy on me.
Luke xviii. 38.

1 LORD, have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherished sin;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew Thy word,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

2 Lord, have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh;
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come;
When is loosed the silver cord,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

3 Lord, have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below!
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant heaven;
Then Thy fostering grace afford,
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

810

C.M. D. CARLISLE.

I prayed...and made confession.
Dan. ix. 4.

1 LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.
Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
Let not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine;
Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

811

C.M. TOPLADY.

I will not let thee go.—Gen. xxxii. 26.

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all Thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on Thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's praying grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see Thy face,
And know Thy hidden name.

4 Till Thou the Father's love impart,
Till Thou Thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let Thee go.

5 I will not let Thee go, unless
Thou tell Thy name to me;
With all Thy great salvation bless,
And say,—I died for thee.

6 Then let me, on the mountain-top
Behold Thine open face,
Till faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

REVIVAL.

812

S.M. BROWNE.

O Lord, revive Thy work.—Hab. iii. 2.

1 O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 O Let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;
Lord, listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near;
Our hopes on Thee rely.

813 C.M.

To give us a reviving.—Ezra ix. 9.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for Thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us Thy mercy see.

2 Behold Thy weary churches wait
With wistful, longing eyes,
Let us no more be desolate;
O bid Thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls path shone,
Leads us in hope to Thee:
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone Thy people be;—

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer:
Come,—for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share.

814 L.M. BONAR.

Come, O breath, and breathe upon these slain.—Ezek. xxxvii. 9.

1 SPIRIT of everlasting grace,
Infinite Source of life, come down!
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise;
Thy glorious power and love make known.

2 Breathe o'er this valley of the dead;
Send forth Thy quickening might abroad,
Till, rising from their tombs, they spread
In full array,—the host of God.

3 Thy heritage lies desolate,
And all Thy pleasant places mourn:
O look upon our low estate,
In loving-kindness, Lord, return.

4 Now let Thy glory be revealed,
Now let Thy presence with us rest:
O heal us, and we shall be healed;
O bless us, and we shall be blest.

815 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

I will increase them with men like a flock. Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, Gracious Sovereign, from Thy throne,
And send Thy various blessings down;
While by Thine Israel Thou art sought,
Attend the prayer Thy word hath taught.

2 Come, Sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let Thy godlike power be known.

3 Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy flock await,
Numerous around Thy temple-gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to Thee.

816

8.7. D. AVELING.

Wilt Thou not revive us again?
Psa. lxxxv. 6.

1 HAIL! Thou God of grace and glory—
Who Thy name hast magnified,
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to Thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near Thy bright and burning throne;
We invoke Thee, God most Holy!
Through Thy well-beloved Son;
Send the baptism of Thy Spirit;
Shed the pentecostal fire;
Let us all Thy grace inherit;
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above.
Let Thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee;
Till the world, Thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its Jubilee.

817 7s. D. C. WESLEY.

That the word of the Lord may have free course.—2 Thess. iii. 1.

1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way,
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows;
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified:
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him—
Him who spake a world from nought.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above:
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

ITS UNITY AND SAFETY.

818 L.M. CONDER.

Head over all things to the church.
Eph. i. 22.

1 HEAD of the church, our risen Lord!
Who by Thy Spirit dost preside
O'er the whole body; by whose word
They all are ruled and sanctified:

2 Our prayers and intercessions hear
For all Thy family at large,
That each, in his appointed sphere,
His proper service may discharge.

3 So, through the grace derived from Thee,
In whom all fulness dwells above,
May Thy whole church united be,
And edify itself in love.

819 S.M. BEDDOME.

Where there is neither Greek nor Jew.
Col. iii. 11.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banished far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

820

C.M. C. WESLEY.

One body.—Eph. ii. 16.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone:
Walking in all His ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in Thy love,—
Their mighty joys we know:
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne:
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

821

L.M.D.

One Lord, one faith, one baptism.
Eph. iv. 5.

1 LORD, cause Thy face on us to shine;
Give us Thy peace, and seal us Thine;
Teach us to prize the means of grace,
And love Thine earthly dwelling-place.
May we, in truth, our sins confess,
Worship the Lord in holiness;
And all Thy power and glory see,
Within Thy hallowed sanctuary.

2 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace,
Bid strife among Thy subjects cease;
One is our faith, and one our Lord,
One body, spirit, hope, reward;
One God and Father of us all,
All whom Thy church and people call:
O may we one communion be;
One with each other, one in Thee.

3 Bless all whose voice salvation brings,
Who minister in holy things;
Our bishops and our deacons bless,
Clothe them with zeal and righteousness;
Let many, in the judgment-day,
Turned from the error of their way,
Their hope, their joy, their crown appear;
Save those who preach and those who hear.

822 S.M.D. C. WESLEY.

One fold and one Shepherd.—John x. 16.

1 FATHER of boundless grace,
Thou hast in part fulfilled
Thy promise made to Adam's race,
In God Incarnate sealed:
A few from every land
At first to Salem came,
And saw the wonders of Thy hand,
And saw the tongues of flame:

2 Yet still we wait the end,
The coming of our Lord:
The full accomplishment attend
Of Thy prophetic word.
Thy promise deeper lies,
In unexhausted grace;
And new-discovered worlds arise
To sing their Saviour's praise.

3 Beloved for Jesus' sake,
By Him redeemed of old,
All nations must come in, and make
One undivided fold:
While gathered in by Thee,
And perfected in one,
They all, at once, Thy glory see,
In Thine eternal Son.

823 8.7. D. NEWTON.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—Psa. lxxxvii. 3.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

824 L.M. WATTS.

Thy God thy glory.—Isa. lx. 19.

1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are His abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on His counsels and His love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against His throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us He sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect His brightest praise.

825 C.M. WATTS.

Salvation...for walls and bulwarks.
Isa. xxvi. 1.

1 HOW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand!
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace,—
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on His grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as His years.

826 L.M. HURN.

I have loved thee with an everlasting love.
Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 THE God of truth His church has blest,
And loved with an eternal love:
Hence we are drawn to Christ, our rest,
And from His grace shall ne'er remove.

2 This love, in every trying hour,
Supports and cheers the trembling saint;
O draw us with increasing power,
That we may run and never faint.

3 The heavens and earth shall pass away,
And be to dissolution brought;
But Zion's strength shall ne'er decay,
For her Redeemer changeth not.

4 Here would we dwell while others rove;
Here we are safe from all alarms:
Our hope is everlasting love;
Our rest, the everlasting arms.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

GENERAL.

827 L.M. LYTE.

In the midst of the church will I sing praise. Heb. ii. 12.

1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts,
Where two or three for worship meet;
For thither Christ himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love;
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in one agree;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

828 S.M. DWIGHT.

The church of God...purchased with His own blood.—Acts xx. 28.

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer bought
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand;
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,—
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The highest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

29 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

The church is subject to Christ.
Eph. v. 24.

1 JESUS, our best-beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire:
Jesus, in love to us descend:
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

2 On Thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be:
Pardon and sanctify us all:
Let each Thy full salvation see.

3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow Thy commands.
O take our hearts—our hearts are Thine:
Accept the service of our hands.

4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we Thy blessed will obey;
Toil in Thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at Thy right hand, prepare:
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

830 7s. C. WESLEY.

Be like-minded one toward another.
Rom. xv. 5.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee;
Let us in Thy name agree;
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid all strife for ever cease.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in Thee abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness:

5 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above;
And with faith and comfort high,
Prove how true believers die.

831 7s. BURDER.

We have fellowship one with another.
1 John i. 7.

1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship, how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love;
How He left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place;
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's name.

832 S.M. FAWCETT.

Bear ye one another's burdens.—Gal. vi. 2.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers :
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

833 7s. KELLY

Come out...and be ye separate.
2 Cor. vi. 17.

1 LORD, behold us few and weak ;
Humbly at Thy feet we fall :
See, we come Thy face to seek ;
Deign, O deign to hear our call !

2 When we lay in sin and death,
Thou didst pass and bid us live ;
Thou didst give Thy people faith ;
Thou didst all our sins forgive.

3 Jesus, Thou didst shed Thy blood ;
On this rock our hope we raise :
Thou hast brought us near to God ;
Thine the work, and Thine the praise.

4 'Tis Thy will that we should be
Separate from all around ;
Let our will with Thine agree ;
Let Thy people thus be found :

5 Let us bear each other's load ;
Faithful to each other prove ;
Till we gain the saints' abode ;
Till we take our place above :

6 There to see without a cloud,
There with zeal untired to sing,
Mix with heaven's triumphant crowd,
And for ever praise our King.

834 L.M. C. WESLEY.

They shall prosper that love thee.
Psa. cxxii. 6.

1 NOT for a favourite form or name,
But for immortal souls we care.
Bless, Saviour, our Jerusalem,
That millions may her blessings share.

2 Prosper our church ; our souls renew ;
Our languid, fainting spirits raise ;
Revive surrounding churches too,
And spread throughout the earth Thy praise.

ENTERING FELLOWSHIP.

835 C.M. BEDDOME.

When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it.—Eccles. v. 4.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now ;
Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break ;—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield :
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

836 L.M. BATHURST.

And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.—Acts ii. 47.

1 JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,
That crowns Thy gospel with success;
Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,
And gathering to Thy fold Thine own.

2 Those, who have now Thy truth confess'd
As their own faith and hope and rest,
We, in Thy name, with joy embrace,
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

3 As living members, may they share
The joys and griefs which others bear;
And active in their stations prove,
In all the offices of love.

4 From all temptations them defend,
And keep them steadfast to the end;
Ever abiding in Thy love,
Until they join the church above.

837 C.M. MONTGOMERY.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.
Gen. xxiv. 31.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;
Stranger nor foe art thou:
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,—
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.

4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours.
Christians their mutual burdens bear;
They lend their mutual powers.

5 Come with us; we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done:
Stand but in Him, as those have stood,
Whose faith the victory won.

6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in Him.

838 L.M. NEWTON.

The church . . saluteth you.—1 Pet. v. 13.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name:
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May He by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus:
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all He did and said
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what He's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love and wonder and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

839 C.M. NEWTON.

He went on his way rejoicing.—Acts viii. 39.

1 LET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

840 7s. EDMESTON.

The brotherly covenant.—Amos i. 9.

1 WELCOME! brethren, enter in,
Welcome to the Saviour's home;
From a desert world of sin,
Welcome! not again to roam.

2 Now beneath this covert placed,
Come receive a shelter here;
By the Saviour's presence graced,
Where the Saviour's self is near.

3 Leave the world and all its snares,
Every golden pomp and bait;
Come, and share with us,—the heirs
Of a brighter, better state.

4 One in heart, and one in hand,
One for all, and all for one;
Love shines through this Christian band,
Kindled from the heavenly Sun.

5 Saviour, now accept each heart,
Offered gladly at Thy shrine;
Peace and faith and joy impart,
May this circle all be Thine.

841 L.M.

Let brotherly love continue.—Heb. xiii. 1.

1 BROTHER in Christ, and well-beloved,
To Jesus and His servants dear,
Enter, and show thyself approved;
Enter and find that God is here.

2 Welcome from earth! lo! the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give;
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.

842 L.M. G. SMITH.

For we are all partakers of that one bread.
1 Cor. x. 17.

1 COME in, ye chosen of the Lord,
And share the bounties of His house;—
His dying feast, His sacred word,
Our joys, our hopes, and solemn vows.

2 Come, share our fellowship on earth,
Renounce and bid the world farewell;
Approve yourselves of heavenly birth,
And in the tents of Zion dwell.

3 Come, share the blessings of that board,
Which Jesus for His saints has spread;
Receive the grace His ways afford,
Commune with us and Christ our Head.

DISMISSION OF MEMBERS.

843 S.M. BEDDOME.

The God of love and peace be with you.
2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 EACH other we have owned,
And dwelt in peace and love;
And now, though called awhile to part,
We hope to meet above.

2 Adieu! ye friends beloved,
We bid you kind farewell;
And bless you now, in Jesus' name,
Where'er you hence may dwell.

3 The mercy of the Lord,
Attend the way you go;
His faithfulness and truth direct,
And bring you safely through.

4 Keep near your gracious Lord,
Let prayer and faith abound;
And when He gathers all His flock,
May we with them be found.

SEEKING A PASTOR.

844 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

To seek of Him a right way for us.
Ezra viii. 21.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend Thine ear:
Thy servants' prayers indulgent hear:
Perplexed, distressed, to Thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of Thine eye.

2 Thy comprehensive view surveys
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways:
Send forth, O Lord, Thy truth and light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait
In suppliant crowds at Mercy's gate;
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Shall Israel seek Thy face in vain?

4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,
Nor let Thy flock neglected mourn:
But let our eyes a shepherd see,
Dear to our souls, and dear to Thee.

5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise
A cheerful tribute to Thy praise:
Our children learn the grateful song,
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

WELCOMING A PASTOR.

845 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

Receive him . with all gladness.—Phil. ii. 29.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus our exalted Head:
Come as a Servant: so He came;
And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a Shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from hell and earth and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a Watchman: take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare:
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

CHOICE OF DEACONS.

846 C.M. COLLYER.

Look ye out . . men of honest report.
Acts vi. 3.

1 O JESUS, in this solemn hour,
Be with Thy people here;
Let Thine authority and power
To rule Thy church appear.

2 As Master, Lawgiver, and Head,
Thee only, we confess;
Upon us now Thy Spirit shed,
To sanctify and bless.

3 O may the choice which we have made
By Thee be ratified;
Thy servants' fitness be displayed,
As they are further tried.

4 With faithfulness may they fulfil
The office in their hands,
And seek to know and do Thy will,
In all that will demands.

PARTING.

347 C.M. C. WESLEY.

Brethren, farewell.—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Partakers of His heavenly grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

5 Thus let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

848 7s. NEWTON.

I commend you to God.—Acts xx. 32.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Spare us, that we may, ere long,
Meet and worship Thee again.

849 S.M. HART.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you.
Col. iii. 16.

1 ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name:
Record His mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Hoard up His sacred word,
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
And practise what you know.

THE ORDINANCES.

BAPTISM.

850 L.M. SPENCE.

Why baptizest thou?—John i. 25.

1 WHAT means the water in this font?
What means this simple, sacred rite?
Why bring we babes to Zion's mount,
And in this service thus unite?

2 We claim no power to change the heart,
No mystic grace new life to give;
He must the gift divine impart,
By whom our children's spirits live.

3 This institute of gospel grace
Proclaims our nature spoiled by sin;
Shadows the change that yet must pass
Upon the living soul within;

4 Speaks of the Spirit's power to cleanse
The human heart by sin depraved;
And points us to the gracious means
By which alone the soul is saved.

5 Triune Jehovah! hear our prayer,
As thus we bring our babes to Thee;
Make them in life Thy special care;
Fit them for immortality.

851 7s. GUEST.

Baptizing them in the name of the Father... Son, and...Holy Ghost.—Matt. xxviii. 19.

1 HEAVENLY Father, may Thy love
Beam upon us from above:
Let this infant find a place
In Thy covenant of grace.

2 Son of God, be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt,
Cleanse this child from nature's guilt.

3 Holy Ghost, to Thee we cry,
Thou this infant sanctify;
Thine almighty power display,
Seal him to redemption's day.

4 Great Jehovah!—Father, Son,
Holy Spirit,—Three in One,
Let the blessing come from Thee;
Thine shall all the glory be.

852 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Suffer the little children to come.—Mark x. 14.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms:
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 Permit them to approach,—He cries,—
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came.

3 Invited by the voice divine,
We bring them, Lord, to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine:
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

853 C.M. C. WESLEY.

The angel...bless the lads.—Gen. xlviii. 16.

1 THE great redeeming Angel, Thee,
O Jesus, we confess;
Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.

2 Early discipled to the Lord,
May they be taught of Thee;
And, made to know and trust Thy word,
Wise to salvation be.

3 Thou who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove;
And bring them through their evil day,
To sing Thy praise above.

4 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of Thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before Thy face.

854 C.M. WATTS.

They brought unto Him also infants.
Luke xviii. 15.

1 NOW let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.

2 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall Thy salvation come,
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

855 C.M. WATTS.

The oath which He sware to...Abraham.
Luke i. 73.

1 HOW large the promise! how divine!
To Abraham and his seed;—
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

2 The words of His unchanging love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the Covenant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to His arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace,
Blots out the children's name.

856 C.M.D. CONDER.

I will pour my Spirit on thy seed.
Isa. xliv. 3.

1 O THOU whose covenant is sure
To all who fear Thy name;
Whose mercies age on age endure,
Eternally the same:
Thou art our fathers' God; we plead
That title: we are Thine:
Pour down Thy Spirit on our seed,
And sanctify our line.

2 In Thee our fathers put their trust;
Thy ways they humbly trod:
Honoured and sacred is their dust,
And still they live to God.
Heirs to their faith, their hope, their prayers,
We the same path pursue;
Entail the blessing to our heirs,
Lord, show Thy promise true.

857 L.M. COLLYER.

The children which God hath graciously given thy servant.—Gen. xxxiii. 5.

1 UNITED prayers ascend to Thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind;
Smile on this waiting family;
Thy blessing let Thy servants find.

2 Let the dear objects of their love,
Like tender plants around them grow:
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

3 Receive at their believing hand
The babe whom they devote as Thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command;
And seal with power the rite divine.

4 To every member of their house
Thy grace impart, Thy love extend:
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

858 S.M. FELLOWS.

My blessing on thy offspring.—Isa. xliv. 3.

1 GREAT God! now condescend
To bless our rising race:
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of Thy grace.

2 O! what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to Thee.

3 Now bless, O God of love,
This ordinance divine:
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children Thine.

ADULT BAPTISM.

859 L.M. C. WESLEY.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.
Matt. iii. 11.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordained by Thee:
Of no mysterious power we boast,
But of the Spirit's ministry.

2 Sent to baptize into Thy name,
Sent to disciple all mankind,
Thy servants still Thy presence claim,
May we that promised presence find.

3 Father! in these reveal Thy Son,
In these for whom we seek Thy face:
Adopt and seal them as Thine own,
By Thy regenerating grace.

4 Jesus! with us Thou always art:
Now ratify the sacred sign:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless Thine ordinance divine.

5 Come, Holy Spirit from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits Thou!
The purifying grace apply,
And witness with the water now.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

860 L.M. WATTS.

The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread.—1 Cor. xi. 23.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!—

3 This is My body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:
Then took the cup, and blest the wine;—
'Tis the new covenant in My blood.

4 Do this, He cried, till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

5 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

861 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

The table of the Lord.—Mal. i. 12.

1 MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 Why are these emblems still in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed.?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared,
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

6 Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

862 S.M. WATTS.

One bread and one body.—1 Cor. x. 17.

1 JESUS invites His saints
To meet around His board;
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one:
We, the young children of His love,
And He, the first-born Son.

3 Let all our powers be joined,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

863 L.M. WATTS.

The offence of the cross.—Gal. v. 11.

1 AT Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in One that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on His cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in His cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left His tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

864 C.M. WATTS.

And when they had sung a hymn, they went out.
Mark xiv. 26.

1 SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, Thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from Thy loss;
Our healing from Thy wounds.

4 O! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for Thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

865 C.M. MONTGOMERY.

This do in remembrance of Me.
Luke xxii. 19.

1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord;
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee:—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.

866 L.M. WATTS.

The wedding was furnished with guests.
Matt. xxii. 10.

1 HOW rich are Thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnished from above:
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh;
But at the gospel-call we came,
And every want received supply.

3 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy Thy presence here.

4 What shall we render to the Son,
That left the heaven of His abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God?

5 It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost His own;
And all the unknown joys He gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

6 Our everlasting love is due
To Him that ransomed sinners lost;
And pitied rebels when He knew
The vast expense His love would cost.

867 7s., 6 lines. CONDER.

The living bread.—John vi. 51.

1 BREAD of heaven! on Thee I feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him who died.

2 Vine of heaven! Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give:
To Thy cross I look, and live.
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

868 C.M. WATTS.

He humbled Himself...unto death.
Phil. ii. 8.

1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's not a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

3 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

869 76,76,77,76. C. WESLEY.

The place called Calvary.—Luke xxiii. 33.

1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recal to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us who think on Thee;
Every burdened soul release;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take allour sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free;
From iniquity release;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let our griefs and troubles cease;
O! remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

870 C.M. WATTS.

What think ye, that He will not come to the feast?—John xi. 56.

1 LORD, how divine Thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of His redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says that—I am His;
And my Beloved's mine.

3 Let such amazing love as this,
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of our God.

4 To Him that washed us in His blood
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as His days.

871 8.7. BATTY.

By whose stripes ye were healed.—1 Pet. ii. 24.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, with transport viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling;
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

872 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

The communion of the body of Christ.

1 Cor. x. 16.

1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
In Him to have my lot and part;
To prove the virtue of that flood
Which burst on Calvary from His heart;

2 To feed by faith on Christ my bread,
His body broken on the tree;
To live in Him my living Head,
Who died and rose again for me;—

3 This be my joy and comfort here,
This pledge of future glory mine.
Jesus, in spirit now appear,
And break the bread, and pour the wine.

4 From Thy dear hand may I receive
The tokens of Thy dying love;
And, while I feast on earth, believe
That I shall feast with Thee above.

5 Ah! there, though in the lowest place,
Thee at Thy table could I meet,
And see Thee, know Thee, face to face,
For such a moment death were sweet.

6 What then will their fruition be,
Who meet in heaven with blest accord?
A moment?—No; eternity!
They are for ever with the Lord.

873 C.M. WATTS.

Who maketh thee to differ?—1 Cor. iv. 7.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts and all our tongues
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, in grateful songs,—
Lord, why was I a guest?

3 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send Thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6 We long to see Thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice and heart and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

874 L.M. KEBLE.

When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead.
Rev. i. 17.

1 O GOD of mercy, God of might,
How should weak sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy power is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear?

2 For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud;
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

3 Fresh from the atoning sacrifice,
The world's Redeemer bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, for whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

4 Oh! agony of wavering thought,
When sinners first so near are brought:
It is my Maker—dare I stay?
My Saviour—dare I turn away?

5 O Saviour! calm our troubled fears;
O Saviour! gather up our tears;
And let us in this solemn hour
Behold Thy glory, feel Thy power.

875 C.M. C. WESLEY.

If I wash thee not, thou hast no part in me.
John xiii. 8.

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side:
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

876 8.7. D. C. WESLEY.

He shall testify of Me.—John xv. 26.

1 COME, Thou Everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind.
True Recorder of His passion,
Now the living faith impart;
Now reveal His great salvation;
Preach His gospel to each heart.

2 Come, Thou Witness of His dying;
Come, Remembrancer divine,
Let us feel Thy power applying
Christ to every soul, and mine.
Plead in us with inward groaning,
While for Him we pierced, we grieve,
May we each, the grace atoning
Of the sprinkled blood receive.

877 C.M. G. NOEL.

In remembrance of me.—1 Cor. xi. 24.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet in anguish He surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee;
What love His latest words displayed,—
Meet, and remember Me!

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
Than His recorded there.

878

8.7., 6 lines. AQUINAS.

Ye do show the Lord's death till He come.
1 Cor. xi. 26.

1 SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory,
Of His cross the mystery sing;
Lift on high the wondrous trophy,
Tell the triumph of the King:
He, the world's Redeemer, conquers
Death, through death now vanquishing.

2 Born for us, and for us given;
Son of man, like us below,
He, as Man with men, abiding
Dwells, the seed of life to sow:
He, our heavy griefs partaking,
Thus fulfils His life of woe.

3 Word made flesh! His word life-giving,
Gives His flesh our meat to be,
Bids us drink His blood, believing,
Through His death, we life shall see:
Blessed they who thus receiving
Are from death and sin set free.

4 Low in adoration bending
Now our hearts our God revere;
Faith, her aid to sight is lending,
Though unseen the Lord is near;
Ancient types and shadows ending,
Christ our paschal Lamb is here.

5 Praise for ever, thanks and blessing,
Thine, O gracious Father, be:
Praise be Thine, O Christ, who bringeth
Life and immortality.
Praise be Thine, Thou quickening Spirit,
Praise through all eternity.

379 L.M. WATTS.

The Prince of Life.—Acts iii. 15.

1 OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble lips could move,
In strains immortal as His name,
And melting as His dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns His breath,
And pours His life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty souls from death.

3 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be Thine.

380 C.M. WATTS.

Therefore let us keep the feast.—1 Cor. v. 8.

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the Lord, that fought and bled,
And conquered when He fell;
That rose, and at His chariot-wheels
Dragged all the powers of hell:

3 Jesus, our God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

4 Victorious Lord! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever Thine.

5 We give Thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

FOUNDING AND OPENING PLACES OF WORSHIP.

881 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?—2 Chron. vi. 18.

1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee:
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live;
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And, when Thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna to their heavenly King!
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide,—no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart?
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

882

C.M.

The glory of the Lord filled the house.
2 Chron. vii. 1.

1 LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord;
Enter, and claim Thine own;
Receive the homage of our souls,
Erect Thy temple-throne.

2 We rear no altar,—Thou hast died;
We deck no priestly shrine;
What need have we of creature-aid?
The power to save is Thine.

3 We ask no bright shekinah-cloud
To glorify the place;
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign—
A plenitude of grace.

4 No rushing, mighty wind, we ask;
No tongues of flame desire;
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,
His purifying fire.

5 Light up this house with glory, Lord;—
The glory of that love
Which forms and saves a church below,
And makes a heaven above.

883 L.M. COWPER.

Enlarge the place of thy tent.—Isa. liv. 2.

1 JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Behold! at Thy commanding word
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own!

884 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

This and that man was born there.
Psa. lxxxvii. 5.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Avow our temples for His own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 These walls we to Thine honour raise:
Long may they echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.

885 C.M. NEWTON.

Peace be within thy walls.—Psa. cxxii. 7.

1 DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

MEETINGS OF MINISTERS.

886 L.M. W. L. ALEXANDER.

And the apostles and elders came together.
Acts xv. 6.

1 FROM distant corners of our land,
Behold us, Lord, before Thee stand,
Once more prepared to Thee to raise
Our humble prayer, our grateful praise.

2 Blest be the hand whose guardian power
Has kept us to this present hour;
Blest be the grace that bids us meet
Thus round the throne, in union sweet.

3 We meet to seek, in faith and zeal,
The brethren's good, the church's weal;
O whilst for Zion's cause we stand,
May Zion's King be near at hand!

4 We meet, O God, that through our land,
The churches planted by Thy hand
From error, weakness, discord free,
May bloom like gardens blest by Thee.

5 Smile on us, Lord, and through this place
Diffuse the glory of Thy face;
Here to our gathered tribes be given
A brightening antepast of heaven.

887 L.M., 6 lines. C. WESLEY.

Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.
1 Cor. ix. 16.

1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like, praying love,
Which longs to build Thy house again;
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
Let it my ransomed soul devour.

2 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,—
To spend and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word:
And let me to Thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine;
And lead them to Thine open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

888 C.M. KEBLE.

Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing.—Luke v. 5.

1 THE livelong night we've toiled in vain,
But, at Thy gracious word,
We will let down the net again;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord.

2 So, day by day, and week by week,
In sad and weary thought
They muse, whom God hath set to seek
The souls His Christ hath bought.

3 At morn we look and nought is there,
Sad dawn of cheerless day;
Who then from pining and despair
The sickening heart can stay?

4 There is a stay—and we are strong,
Our Master is at hand
To cheer our solitary song,
And guide us to the strand,

5 In His own time; but yet awhile
Our bark at sea must ride:
Cast after cast, by force or guile,
All waters must be tried.

6 Should e'er Thy wonder-working grace
Triumph by our weak arm,
Let not our sinful fancy trace
Aught human in the charm.

7 To our own nets ne'er bow we down
Lest on the eternal shore
The angels, while our draught they own,
Reject us evermore:

8 Or if, for our unworthiness,
Toil, prayer, and watching fail,
In disappointment Thou canst bless,
So love at heart prevail.

889 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

As they that must give account.
Heb. xiii. 17.

1 POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple, where we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign.
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

890 7.6.D. DUFFIELD.

Who will stand up for me?—Psa. xciv. 16.

1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

ORDINATION OF PASTORS.

891 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

And He gave some apostles...and some pastors and teachers.—Eph. iv. 11.

1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven He rose
In splendid triumph o'er His foes,
Scattered His gifts on men below;
And wide His royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprang the apostles' honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame:
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live;
While, guarded by His potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

892 L.M. BEDDOME.

Endued with power from on high.
Luke xxiv. 49.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer.
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine.
To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
A blest reward for all their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
Thy new-creating power adore.

6 Let sinners break their heavy chains;
And souls distressed forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

893

C.M. DODDRIDGE.

For they watch for your souls.
Heb. xiii. 17.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego:—
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

894

C.M. NEWTON.

Being ensamples to the flock.—1 Pet. v. 3.

1 CHIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute Thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal
Thy flock to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

895 S.M. C. WESLEY.

Pray ye the Lord of the harvest.
Matt. ix. 38.

1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great;
The labourers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad;
And let them speak Thy word with power,
Co-workers with their God.

4 O let them spread Thy name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-embracing love.

896 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

Pastors according to my heart.
Jer. iii. 15.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, Thou dost keep
With constant care Thy humble sheep;
From Thee, the under-shepherds come,
To feed our souls, and guide us home.

2 To all Thy churches such impart,
Pastors according to Thy heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Here hast Thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on Thy house;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

4 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock:
Confirm the hopes Thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

897 L.M.

A faithful minister of Christ.—Col. i. 7.

1 WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend,
Him whom we now to Thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And arm him to obey Thy will.

3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him Thy mighty power exert,
That thousands, yet unborn, may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

ORDINATIONS.

898 C.M. C. WESLEY.

Holding forth the word of life.
Phil. ii. 16.

1 JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
Now let Thy ministers believe,
And put salvation on.

2 Jesus, let all Thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun,
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

3 In far off lands, O let them spread
Their light where'er they go,
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

4 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in Thy might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of deepest night.

5 Thy ministers of righteousness,
Let them Thy power display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

399 S.M. VOKE.

Preach the gospel to every creature.
Mark xvi. 15.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where He leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow:
Depending on His promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all His foes.

4 Go spread a Saviour's fame ;
And tell His matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in His name,
The most divine success ;
Assured that He who sends you forth,
Will your endeavours bless.

900 C.M. MORELL.

Be thou faithful unto death.—Rev. ii. 10.

1 FATHER of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To Thy paternal care.

2 Before him set an open door ;
His various efforts bless ;
On him Thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

3 Endow him with a heavenly mind ;
Supply his every need ;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by Thy grace ;
And guard him by Thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

901 L.M. KEBLE.

God, that comforteth those that are cast down.—2 Cor. vii. 6.

1 SPIRIT of Light and Truth, to Thee
We trust Thy servants in this hour;
May they with open heart and free
Teach all Thy word, in all its power.

2 Where foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their pastoral warfare guide Thou well.

3 And O! when worn and tired, they sigh
With that more fearful war within,
When passion's storms are loud and high,
And brooding o'er remembered sin,—

4 The heart dies down—O Mightiest! then
Come, ever true; come, ever near;
And wake their slumbering love again,
Spirit of God's most holy fear!

5 Spirit of Christ! be earnest given
That these our prayers are heard; and they
Who grasp this hour the sword of heaven
Shall feel Thee ever on their way.

THE COLONIES.

902 L.M. E. SWAINE.

Brethren, I commend you to God.
Acts xx. 32.

1 LORD Jesus, let Thy watchful care,
Thy faithful love, our brethren tend:
Their hearts sustain, their way prepare,
And safely guide them to the end.

2 Be with them on the stormy deep;
Be with them in the silent hour;
By sea or land, awake, asleep,
Be Thou their Helper, strength, and tower.

3 Maintain them through their earthly strife,
So running as to win the race;
Each holding forth the word of Life,
A light to lighten future days.

4 Go, brethren, go! with cheerful voice
We bid you go;—a blessed leaven;—
Go, win the country of your choice
For truth, and liberty, and heaven.

903 L.M. GUNN.

I will be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come.—Ezek. xi. 16.

1 TO realms beyond the sounding sea,
Thy hand has led our sons afar:
Lord, give them grace to live for Thee;
Be still their shield and guiding star.

2 Bless with success their daily toils;
Strength for each hour's demands impart;
With fruitful seasons, genial soils,
O give a grateful, trusting heart!

3 Though exiled from the fatherland,
Its temple-homes of praise and prayer,
May they, on yonder distant strand,
A house for God with gladness rear.

4 There make the places of Thy feet
Most glorious—there Thy grace display;
That myriads thence Thy smile may greet,
When earth and heaven have passed away.

904 C.M.

Whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also in thy country.—Luke iv. 23.

1 SHALL science distant lands explore,
And trade her wealth convey?
Shall war be heard from shore to shore,
And sin extend its sway?

2 And shall there not be Christians found,
Who will for Christ appear
To spread the gospel's joyful sound,
And preach redemption there?

3 Shall Britain to remotest parts
Transmit her sins alone?
And not engage with eager hearts
To make her Saviour known?

4 O may our dull and languid zeal
Be kindled to a flame;
And burn till all the earth shall feel
The glories of His name.

905 L. M., 6 lines. CONDER.

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.—Isa. xl. 3.

1 CHURCHES of Christ, by God's right hand
Thick-planted in this favoured land,
If to your hearts His word be dear,
O think of those who pine to hear,
Far from their native shores exiled,
A pastor's voice amid the wild.

2 O let a voice of comfort bless
The lone and rugged wilderness:
Send faithful shepherds forth, to feed
The scattered wanderers in their need:
Straight paths for feeble knees prepare,
And drooping hands sustain by prayer.

3 The heathen who in darkness lay,
Wake to the dawn of heavenly day:
But shall a worse than pagan night
O'ertake the race that dwelt in light,
And Britain's God, to Britons thrown
On distant shores, become unknown?

4 Great Shepherd of the ransomed seed,
For Thy dispersed ones we plead.
How shall these multitudes be fed?
'Tis Thine to multiply the bread.
Richly hast Thou our wants supplied;
By us for them, for all, provide.

906

8s. D., peculiar. E. SWAINE.

We have fellowship one with another.
1 John i. 7.

1 HAIL! blessed communion of love,—
Communion of saints with their Head,
United by grace from above,
And here by His providence led.
Our God, by whose hand we are brought
From homes in our loved fatherland,
Our God, by whose grace we are taught,
Thyself be our home in this land.

2 Some, wearied and worn in the way,
Scarce hoping a place of relief;
And some who had long gone astray,
Here find we a respite from grief.
A time to recover our strength,
To serve Thee a little below,
Till, ended our labours, at length,
Thy service in heaven we know.

3 Till then, we will echo the strain,
O'er mountain and valley and shore,
All glory to Him that was slain,
And liveth and loves evermore!

His banner we set up alone,
His truth and His laws to defend,
His foes to account as our own,
His people and cause to befriend.

ALL NATIONS.

907 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved.
Psalm cxix. 158.

1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;
Dissolve in grief, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
And my heart bleeds for dying men;
While fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep, where most it loves.
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

908 C.M. GIBBONS.

My name shall be great among the heathen.
Mal. i. 11.

1 GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, from nature's birth,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love hath sent
Thy gospel to our race;
Unveiling Thy divine intent
Of rich redeeming grace.

3 Soon may these gracious tidings roll
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 When to her sable sons conveyed,
Shall Afric learn Thy word;
And vassals, long enslaved, be made
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall the scattered wanderers meet,
That now in darkness rove,
And, gathered round Immanuel's feet,
Sing of His saving love?

6 O Lord, each faithful effort own,
To spread the gospel rays;
And rear on sin's demolished throne
The temples of Thy praise.

909 L.M. YOKE.

The fields are white already to harvest.
John iv. 35.

1 BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

910 L.M. SHRUBSOLE.

All dominions shall serve...Him.
Dan. vii. 27.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let Thy kingdom come;
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall at its brightness flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of Thy law;
And antichrists on every shore
Fall from their thrones to rise no more.

4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at Thy feet;
And earth shall yield Thee, as Thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

5 O that from Britain now might shine
This heavenly light, this truth divine;
Till the whole universe shall be
But one great temple, Lord, for Thee.

911 87,87,47. W. WILLIAMS.

The earth shall see the salvation of God.
Isa. lii. 10.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4 May the glorious day approaching
Thine eternal love proclaim;
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad Thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the Great Immanuel's land.

5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase:
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

912 7.6. D. HEBER.

They shall come from the east and from the west.—Luke xiii. 29.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

913 L.M. COLLYER.

Their sound went into all the earth.
Rom. x. 18.

1 ASSEMBLED at Thy great command,
Here, in Thy presence, Lord, we stand;
The voice that marshalled every star,
Has called Thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise:
Our hopes revive, our courage raise:
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirit home;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious world around.

914 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

Where there is no vision, the people perish.
Prov. xxix. 18.

1 THE heathen perish; day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away;
O Christians! to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live.
What hath your Saviour done for you?
And what for Him will ye not do?

3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth;
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

915 7s. CONDER.

Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
Matt. vi. 10.

1 FATHER of eternal grace!
Thou hast loved our rebel race:
Let Thy will, through Christ Thy Son,
As in heaven, on earth be done.

2 Here in vain Thy will is known,
Heard in thunder, graved on stone;
By Thy grace, Thy will impart:
Write Thy law on every heart.

3 Let Thy reconciling word
By all tribes of men be heard;
Give the new creation birth;
Let Thy will be done on earth.

916 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence.—Isa. lxii. 6.

1 THOU Glorious Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt Thou bow Thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt Thou, the Great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall Thy servants give Thee rest
Till Zion's mouldering walls Thou raise,
Till Thine own power shall stand confess'd.
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round,
Where still wide realms in darkness lie;
And hurl their idols to the ground.

4 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
Till every tribe of man shall hear:
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

917 664,6664. MARRIOTT.

Let there be light.—Gen. i. 3.

1 THOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,—
Life-giving, Holy Dove,—
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessed Three!
Glorious Trinity!
Wisdom! Love! Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light.

918 L.M. SHRUBSOLE.

Awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.
Isa. li. 9.

1 ARM of the Lord! awake! awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,—
I am Jehovah, God alone!
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;—
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Arm of the Lord, Thy power extend;
Let Mahomet's imposture end;
Break papal superstition's chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

5 Let Zion's time of favour come:
O bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

6 Almighty God! Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

919 L.M. KELLY.

O arm of the Lord, awake as in the ancient days.—Isa. li. 9.

1 NOW may the Mighty arm awake,
Which wonders wrought in ancient days:
That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
And God His own fair temple raise.

2 Art Thou not still the same, O God?
The same to hear, the same to save,
As when Thy servant moved His rod
At Thy command, and cleft the wave?

3 Thy power still sets the prisoner free;
Still wipes the mourner's tears away;
Thy power still makes the blind to see,
And turns the darkest night to day.

4 Shine, Lord, upon the world around:
To sinners let Thy grace be given;
So shall Thy people's songs abound,
And angels feel new joy in heaven.

920 C.M. BURDER.

His dominion shall be from sea to sea.
Zech. ix. 10.

1 JESUS, Immortal King, arise;
Rise and assert Thy sway;
Till earth subdued its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, Victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all Thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.

3 Send forth Thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored;
And earth with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

921 L.M. C. WESLEY.

An ensign of the people.—Isa. xi. 10.

1 CAPTAIN of Thine enlisted host,
Display Thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a numerous army nigh.

2 A solemn jubilee proclaim;—
Proclaim the great sabbatic day;
Assert the glories of Thy name;
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey.

3 Bid, bid Thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of Thy reign :
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The mystery to the heart explain.

922 L.M. MONTGOMERY.

I will pour...my Spirit upon all flesh.
Acts ii. 17.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word :
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations, far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the cross record :
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

6 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see :
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro' Thee.

923 6666,88. C. WESLEY.

The trumpet of the jubilee.—Lev. xxv. 9.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,—
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by His blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made.
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

924

7s. D. MONTGOMERY.

Hallelujah.—Rev. xix. 6.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies;
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword:—He speaks—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

925 C.M. BRUCE.

The mountain of the Lord's house.
Isaiah ii. 2.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God,—they'll say,—
And to His house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Come, then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

926 C.M. MONTGOMERY.

The ransomed of the Lord shall return...to Zion.—Isa. xxxv. 10.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head:
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake! awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the South,—give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O North!

4 They come, they come!—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God His works destroy,
With songs the ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

927 L.M. BATHURST.

Surely I come quickly.—Rev. xxii. 20.

1 JESUS, Thy church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits;
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

3 Come, Gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress;
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

4 O come and reign o'er every land,
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

5 Yes; Thou wilt speedily appear:
The smitten earth already reels,
And not far off we seem to hear
The thunder of Thy chariot-wheels.

6 Teach us, in watchfulness and prayer,
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

928 S.M. BONAR.

Behold, I come quickly.—Rev. iii. 11.

1 COME, Lord, and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
O! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for the good are few;
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

3 Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

4 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

5 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

6 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness.

MORNING.

929 L.M. KEN.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.
Ps. v. 3.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day, thy last, esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear.
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought, surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

930 L.M. WATTS.

In the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.
Psa. lxxxviii. 13.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:

3 O like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

4 Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, Thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

5 Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

931 886,886. BARTHOLOMEW.

And Samuel lay until the morning.
1 Sam. iii. 15.

1 LORD, from my bed again I rise,
To offer up the sacrifice
Of praise and prayer to Thee:
I laid me down to sleep at night;
I trusted in Thine arm of might;—
Thine arm protected me.

2 Uphold Thy servant through the day;
Direct my steps in wisdom's way;
Let me not turn aside:
Let me not walk where scorners walk,
And sinful men profanely talk;
Still be my God and Guide.

932 C.M. WATTS.

Day unto day uttereth speech.—Ps. xix. 2.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night His name repeats;
The day renews the sound
Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak His praise;
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,
And yet His wrath delays.

4 Great God, let all my hours be Thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

933 L.M. KEBLE.

The Lord's mercies are new every morning.
Lam. iii. 22, 23.

1 O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise;
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

934 L.M. C. WESLEY

Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.
1 Cor. x. 31.

1 FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom has assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all Thy works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
And run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

MORNING OR EVENING.

935 L.M. WATTS.

Evening and morning...will I pray.
Ps. lv. 17.

1 MY God, how endless is Thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

936 C.M. WATTS.

Now the eventide was come.—Mark xi. 11.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That raised us with a word;
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3 Our life is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
We own Thy grace, Immortal King,
In every breath we draw.

4 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath His shadowing wings.

937 8s., P.M. TOPLADY.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of Prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping and waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while Thy saints are asleep:
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4 Bright seraphs, despatched from the throne,
Repair to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

5 Their worship no interval knows;
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

6 I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

938 L.M. KEN.

I will both lay me down...and sleep,
Psa. iv. 8.

1 GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O! when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

939 C.M. WATTS.

My prayer...as the evening sacrifice.
Psa. cxli. 2.

1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for Him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To Thy dear cross I flee;
And to Thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by Thee.

940 888,6. BARTHOLOMEW.

So Samuel went and lay down.
1 Sam. iii. 9.

1 THIS night I lift my heart to Thee,
Whose dwelling is in heaven above;
O deign to hear and answer me,
My Father—God of love.

2 Art Thou not, Lord, in every place?
Is there a thing beneath Thy care?
Though angels only see Thy face,
Yet Thou art everywhere.

3 O give Thine angels charge to keep
Their wings spread over me this night;
Let them defend me—let me sleep
Till darkness melts in light.

941 L.M. WATTS.

I pray before Thee—day and night.
Neh. i. 6.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of His wings.

5 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

942 8.6.6.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid.—Prov. iii. 24.

1 ERE I sleep, for every favour,
This day showed by my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy name, still the same,
Merciful and tender?

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

4 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, while I sleep,
Me, with sovereign power.

5 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

943 7s. DODDRIDGE.

He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.—Psa. cxxi. 4.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my wearied head:
Welcome slumber to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities.

2 That kind eye, which cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest:—

3 Heavenly Father, gracious name;
Night and day His love the same:
Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good.

4 What if death my sleep invade,
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

5 With Thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee.

944 10s. LYTE.

Abide with us...the day is far spent.
Luke xxiv. 29.

1 ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness thickens: Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord:
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

945 8.7. PARR.

He shall give His angels charge concerning thee.—Matt. iv. 6.

1 HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought:
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

5 Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

946 L.M. KEBLE.

He giveth His beloved sleep.

Psa. cxxvii. 2.

1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

7 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

SATURDAY EVENING.

947 7s., 6 lines. NEWTON.

And the Sabbath drew on.—Luke xxiii. 54.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath-day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Nourished by Thy bounteous hand,
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

948 8.7.

Labour...to enter into that rest.
Heb. iv. 11.

1 SOUL, thy week of toil is ended,
And a voice, whilst world-cares fly,
With the closing hours is blended,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.

2 Nearing Sabbath, how I bless thee!
Let thy calmness fill my breast;
Let me even now possess thee;
And anticipate thy rest.

3 Is my journey full of sadness,
Through a desert wild and drear?
Be to me a well of gladness;
Bid me quite forget my fear.

4 So when life's long week is over,
Blessèd it will be to die;
Angels whispering, as they hover,—
Rest is coming, rest is nigh.

5 Then the heavenly rest to enter,
In Thy mercy, Lord, be mine:
Rest of God! the sun and centre
Of the bliss that is divine.

949 S.M. MRS. CONDER.

To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath.
Ex. xvi. 23.

1 THE hours of evening close:
The lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath-dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care:
Nor thought for many things assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our Guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep;
And, safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's, our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

HARVEST.

950 C.M. NEEDHAM.

Seed-time and harvest shall not cease.
Gen. viii. 22.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness wrought its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain:
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless Thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

951

C.M. NEEDHAM.

Satisfied with the fruit of Thy works.
Ps. civ. 13.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at His voice come forth
The smiling harvest-hours.

2 His covenant with the earth He keeps;
My tongue, His goodness sing;
Summer and Winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the Spring.

3 Well pleased the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, Gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with Thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

952

L.M.

The joy in harvest.—Isa. ix. 3.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat:
Thou givest us the finest wheat.
The joys of harvest we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord:
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

953 7s. NEWTON.

The Lord.....bless thee out of Zion.
Ps. cxxxiv. 3.

1 BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here:
Clothe Thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

2 Now may fervent prayer arise
Winged with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer shall bring us down
Gracious answers from Thy throne.

3 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears;
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

4 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
All Thy power and all Thy love.

954 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.
1 Sam. vii. 12.

1 OUR Helper, God, we bless His name,
Whose love for ever is the same;
The tokens of whose gracious care
Open and crown and close the year.

2 Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by His guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far His arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make His mercy known:
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear in His bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

955 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

Having obtained help of God.
Acts xxvi. 22.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
Content with what Thou deemest fit.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored throughout our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

956

L M. DODDRIDGE.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.
Ps. lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

3 Here in Thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes:
Still will we make Thy mercies known,
Around Thy board, and round our own.

4 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown renew their songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

957

C.M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Goodness...shall follow me all the days of my life.—Ps. xxiii. 6.

1 GOD of our life! Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, Thy care
In every age we see;
And constant as Thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

4 Still may Thy love, in every scene,
In every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passion free;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee.

6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God;
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

958 L.M. FAWCETT.

In Him we live and move and have our being.—Acts xvii. 28.

1 O GOD, my Helper, ever near,
Crown with Thy smile the present year:
Preserve me by Thy favour still,
And fit me for Thy sacred will.

2 My safety, each succeeding hour,
Depends on Thy supporting power;
Accept my thanks for mercies past,
And be my Guide while life shall last.

3 Let me not murmur or complain
At what Thy wisdom shall ordain:
Sickness or health may blessings prove,
As ordered by Thy sovereign love.

4 My moments move with wingèd haste,
Nor know I which shall be the last:
Danger and death are ever nigh,
And I this year, perhaps, may die.

5 Prepare me for the trying day,
Then call my willing soul away:
I'll quit the world at Thy command,
And trust my spirit to Thy hand.

959 C.M. NEWTON.

I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory.
Ex. xxxiii. 18.

1 NOW, Gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known:
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead our Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,—
Begin and end with Thee.

4 Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

5 And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

960

C.M. DODDRIDGE.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.
Job. vii. 6.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year:
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale we spend
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways to mend
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act a faithful part,
And give the year to Thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies.

961

6666,88. C. WESLEY.

Let it alone this year also.—Luke xiii. 8.

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages, praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days:
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground:
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found.
Yet mercy stayed our doom severe—
O! spare them yet another year.

3 Jesus, Thy speaking blood
For us obtained the grace;
O! since there is bestowed
On us this longer space,
Let our spared lives Thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

962 7s. D. NEWTON.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood.
Ps. xc. 5.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below:
We a little longer wait;
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream.
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew:
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

Bless Thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

YOUTH.

963 C.M. WATTS.

The Lord...is a great King.—Ps. xcv. 3.

1 HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

2 How great His power is, none can tell!
Nor think how large His grace!
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

964 S.M. WATTS.

Thou hast taught me from my youth.
Ps. lxxi. 17.

1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learned so young,
To read His holy word.

2 Dear Lord, this book of Thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

3 O may Thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all Thy servants preach,
And all Thy saints believe.

4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His word,
And have not learned in vain.

965 C.M. FABER.

I love them that love Me.—Prov. viii. 17.

1 DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must Thou be,
To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear:

3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

4 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
That love is all from Thee.

5 And when, Dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there:

6 Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

7 To God the Father glory be,
And to His only Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run!

966 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

Those that seek me early shall find me.
Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to see My face,
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace,
Shall never seek in vain.

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee;
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

967 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

The better part.—Luke x. 42.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse Thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God! to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

968 C.M. FAWCETT.

Wisdom is the principal thing.—Prov. iv. 7.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

3 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

969

6666,88. G. CLAYTON.

I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain.—Isa. xlv. 19.

1 FROM yon delusive scene,
Where death and ruin smile,
Beneath a treacherous mien,
The sinner to beguile,
The Saviour calls, O hear His voice,
And make His love your early choice.

2 Down from the realms of light,
To this dark world of woe,
He came with speedy flight,
Redemption to bestow:
The Saviour calls, O hear His voice,
And make His love your only choice.

3 With pardon in His hands,
And purity and joy,
How sweet are His commands!
His bliss without alloy:
The Saviour calls, O hear His voice,
And make His love your happy choice.

4 Through life your Guard and Guide,
In death your strength and stay,
He'll keep you near His side,
Nor ever turn away:
The Saviour calls, O hear His voice,
And make His love your lasting choice.

970 S.M. FAWCETT.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?—Psa. cxix. 9.

1 WITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to Thee I pray;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.

2 Now, in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know:
O God, Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of Thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to Thyself alone,
And make me wholly Thine.

5 O let Thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.

6 To what Thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.

7 May Thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

THE DEATH OF YOUTH.

971 C.M. STEELE.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.—Job xiv. 2.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—I too must die,—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world delude no more:
Behold the gaping tomb:
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey:
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us now to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save:
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

ANNIVERSARIES.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

972 L.M. WATTS.

Out of the mouths of babes...hast Thou ordained strength.—Psa. viii. 2.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth Thy name is spread;
And Thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens Thy hands have made.

2 To Thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of Thy praise.

3 Children amidst Thy temple throng
To see their Great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

973 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Out of the mouths of babes Thou hast perfected praise.—Matt. xxi. 16.

1 GLORY to the Father give,—
God, in whom we move and live:
Children's prayers He deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,—
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire;
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that God is love.

974 C.M. STRAPHAN.

Train up a child in the way he should go. Prov. xxii. 6.

1 BLEST work, the youthful mind to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Redeemer love.

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth;
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

4 Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,
And bless this good design:
The honours of Thy name be spread,
And all the glory Thine.

975 664,6664. CLEM. ALEX.

He shall gather the lambs with His arm.
Isa. xl. 11.

1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 O wisdom's Great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain:
Help Thou dost not refrain,—
Help from above.

4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King.

GENERAL CHARITIES.

976 L.M. AVELING.

O that Ishmael might live before Thee.
Gen. xvii. 18.

1 LORD of the lofty and the low,
Whose heart with tender pity yearns,
From Thee divine compassions flow
To him who from transgression turns.

2 Thou, who didst leave the world of light,
To dwell with man—his woes to share;
To put the powers of hell to flight,
Be present now to hear our prayer.

3 To raise the fallen, free the slave,
Reclaim the outcast; from the power
Of sin and death the soul to save,
O help us, Saviour, every hour.

4 Help us, our work of faith and love
With sleepless ardour to pursue;
Till, in the realms of bliss above,
Thy glorious face unveiled we view.

977 C.M. BODEN.

Pure religion is, to visit the fatherless and widow.—Jas. i. 27.

1 BRIGHT source of everlasting love,
To Thee our souls we raise,
And to Thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3 To scenes of woe, to beds of pain,
Our willing feet repair;
And with the gifts Thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

4 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan shall be glad;
And hungering souls we'll gladly point
To Christ the Living Bread.

5 Thus passing through the vale of tears
Our useful light shall shine,
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

DOMESTIC RELIGION.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

978 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

He will command his...household after him. Gen. xviii. 19.

1 FATHER of men, Thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace:
From Thee they sprang, and by Thy hand
Their root and branches are sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints, in their obscurest cell.

3 To Thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught Thy precepts and Thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of Thy glorious name;
While pleased and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

979 L.M. RAFFLES.

The God of all the families of Israel.
Jer. xxxi. 1.

1 O GOD of families, we own
Thy constant care; before Thy throne
We humbly bow the suppliant knee,
And pay our { morning / evening } vows to Thee.

2 O God of families, forgive
Our daily sins; and O receive
The humble tribute of our praise,
For all the love that crowns our days.

3 O God of families, we pray
Thy guardian care from day to day;
O give, nor more may we desire,
The food and raiment we require.

4 O God of families, impart,
To each an understanding heart;
The knowledge of Thy will bestow,
And grace to practise what we know.

5 And when on earth we cease to be,
As now, a happy family;
To us, O God, may it be given
To be a family in heaven.

980 S.M. S. FLETCHER.

Every good gift...cometh down from the Father of lights.—Jas. i. 17.

1 FATHER of life and light,
To Thee our song we raise:
For all the mercies of the night
Accept our humble praise.

2 Thy providential care
Our morning board has spread;
O may our souls Thy favour share,
And eat the living bread.

3 Thus strengthened by Thy grace,
In duty's path to run,
Our faith and hope in Christ we place,
And say,—Thy will be done!

4 And when the vesper's peal
From toil recalls us home,
Before Thy mercy-seat we'll kneel,
And pray—Thy kingdom come!

981 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

The Lord blessed the house.
1 Chron. xiii. 14.

1 SHINE on our souls, Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

2 With Thee let every week begin;
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

3 Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

982 C.M. S. FLETCHER.

David returned to bless his household.
2 Sam. vi. 20.

1 LORD, as a family we meet,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
We wait before Thy mercy-seat,
And plead the Saviour's name.

2 Weary and faint, by cares oppressed,
We still are travelling on
To that bright land of peace and rest,
Where our Forerunner's gone.

3 Grant us Thy cheering grace, O Lord,
Thy mercy freely give;
Speak by Thy Spirit and Thy word,
That we may hear and live.

4 Pardoned, accepted, reconciled,
Through Christ's atoning blood:
May each one feel himself a child
Of Thee, our Father, God.

983 C.M. DODDRIDGE.

In the fear of the Lord all the day.
Prov. xxiii. 17.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in His fear.

2 'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to Thy throne:
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band;
In solitude, with Thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be passed;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

984 C.M. K. WHITE.

To seek of Him a right way.—Ezra viii. 21.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a feeble band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
All evil far remove;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting love.

3 Our souls, obedient to Thy sway,
In Christian bonds unite:
Let peace and love conclude the day,
And hail the morning light.

4 Thus cleansed from sin, and wholly Thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine
In glory on our head.

5 O still restore our wandering feet,
And still direct our way
Till worlds shall fail, and faith shall greet
The dawn of endless day.

985 8.7. EDMESTON.

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Psa. xci. 10.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal.
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe for Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

686 C.M. MASON.

Let my prayer be set forth...as incense.
Psa. cxli. 2.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense-flames arise.
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Awake! our love; awake! our joy:
Awake! our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call;
Break forth into a song.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day:
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

687 664,6664.

Now let it please Thee to bless the house of Thy servant.—2 Sam. vii. 29.

1 FATHER of love and power,
Guard Thou our evening hour,
Shield with Thy might.
For all Thy care this day
Our grateful thanks we pay,
And to our Father pray,—
Bless us to-night.

2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For all our sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Shed forth Thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And Thine own peace impart;
Bless us to-night.

MARRIAGE.

988 7s. 6 lines. RAFFLES.

And both Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage.—John ii. 2.

1 SAVIOUR, let Thy sanction rest
On the union witnessed now;
Be it with Thy presence blest;
Ratify the nuptial vow;
Hallowed let this union be,
With each other, and with Thee.

2 Thou in Cana didst appear,
At a marriage feast like this;
Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,
Fountain of unmingled bliss!
Crown with joy this festive board—
Joy that earth cannot afford.

3 We, no miracle require—
Turning water into wine—
All our panting hearts desire
Is to taste Thy love divine:
Holy influence from above
Consecrating earthly love.

4 Let the path our friends pursue
From this hour together trod,
Many though its days, or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God;
To the land where rest is given,
To our Father's house in heaven.

A NEW HOME.

689 L.M.

He blesseth the habitation of the just.
Prov. iii. 33.

1 THOU Sovereign Lord of earth and skies,
Supremely good, supremely wise,
Fix Thou the place of our abode;
But may we still live near to God.

2 Where'er our dwelling shall be found,
We will Thy throne of grace surround;
An altar to Thy name will raise,
With sacrifice of prayer and praise.

3 With faith and with devotion, Lord,
Teach us this day to hear Thy word.
Grant us Thy light to learn Thy will,
And strength our duties to fulfil.

4 Our circle with Thy presence bless:
Keep out each root of bitterness;
And may, to each, the last remove
Be to the mansions of Thy love.

990 C.M.

And there builded an altar unto the Lord. Gen. xii. 8.

1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there with humble frame present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2 To Thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

991 C.M.

Show piety at home.—1 Tim. v. 4.

1 HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise,
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

992 8.7.D. C. WESLEY.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Phil. iv. 7.

1 PEACE be to this habitation,
Peace to all that dwell herein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever;
Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us;
Fix in all our hearts Thy home;
With Thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let Thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favoured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

993 C.M. WATTS.

The things that are Cæsar's...the things that are God's.—Mark xii. 17.

1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to Thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore Thy throne supreme,
And bless Thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.

4 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

994

C.M. STEELE.

Sanctify ye a fast.—Joel i. 14.

1 BEHOLD, O Lord, before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And yet we live to pray.

3 Great God! and why is Britain spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make Thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, Forbear!

4 Turn us, O turn us, blessed Lord,
By Thine almighty grace;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

5 Hear Thou our prayers, and grant us aid;
Bid war and discord cease:
Heal the sad breach that sin has made,
And bless our land with peace.

995 C.M. HART.

Who can tell if God will...turn?
Jonah iii. 9.

1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in Thy presence stand
To intercede with prayer sincere
For this our sinful land.

2 O may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before Thy throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,—
The churches' and our own.

3 Great God of Hosts, deliverance bring;
Guide those who hold the helm;
Support the State, preserve the King,
And spare the guilty realm.

4 Or, should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God.

996 L.M. DODDRIDGE.

We will remember the name of the Lord.
Psa. xx. 7.

1 GREAT God of heaven and earth, arise,
And hear our loud united cries;
See Britain bow before Thy face
Throughout her isles, and seek Thy grace.

2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
Nor in the fleets that guard our coasts;
Thine is the land, and Thine the main,
While human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw Thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay Thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And purge our land from all its crimes;
Reformed, and decked with grace divine,
Let governors and people shine.

997 L.M., 6 lines, triplets.

Pray unto the Lord for it.—Jer. xxix. 7.

1 WITH grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;
His power and mercy we proclaim.
Through every age may Britons own,
Jehovah here has fixed His throne,
And triumph in His mighty name.

2 Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or men behold the circling sun,
O God, in Britain hold Thy reign!
Crown her just counsels with success,
With truth and peace her borders bless,
And all Thy sacred rights maintain.

998 664,6664. J. S. DWIGHT.

For Thou blessest, O Lord, and it shall be blessed.—1 Chron. xvii. 27.

1 GOD bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee alone we cry,—
God save the State!

999 7s.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.
Psa. xxxiii. 12.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings!
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

1000 C.M. WREFORD.

Pray unto the Lord for it.—Jer. xxix. 7.

1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most.

2 Our father's sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children too;—how should we love
Another land so well!

3 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless:
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee :
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion pure and mild,
Upon our Sabbaths smile ;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

6 Lord of the nations, Thus to Thee
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